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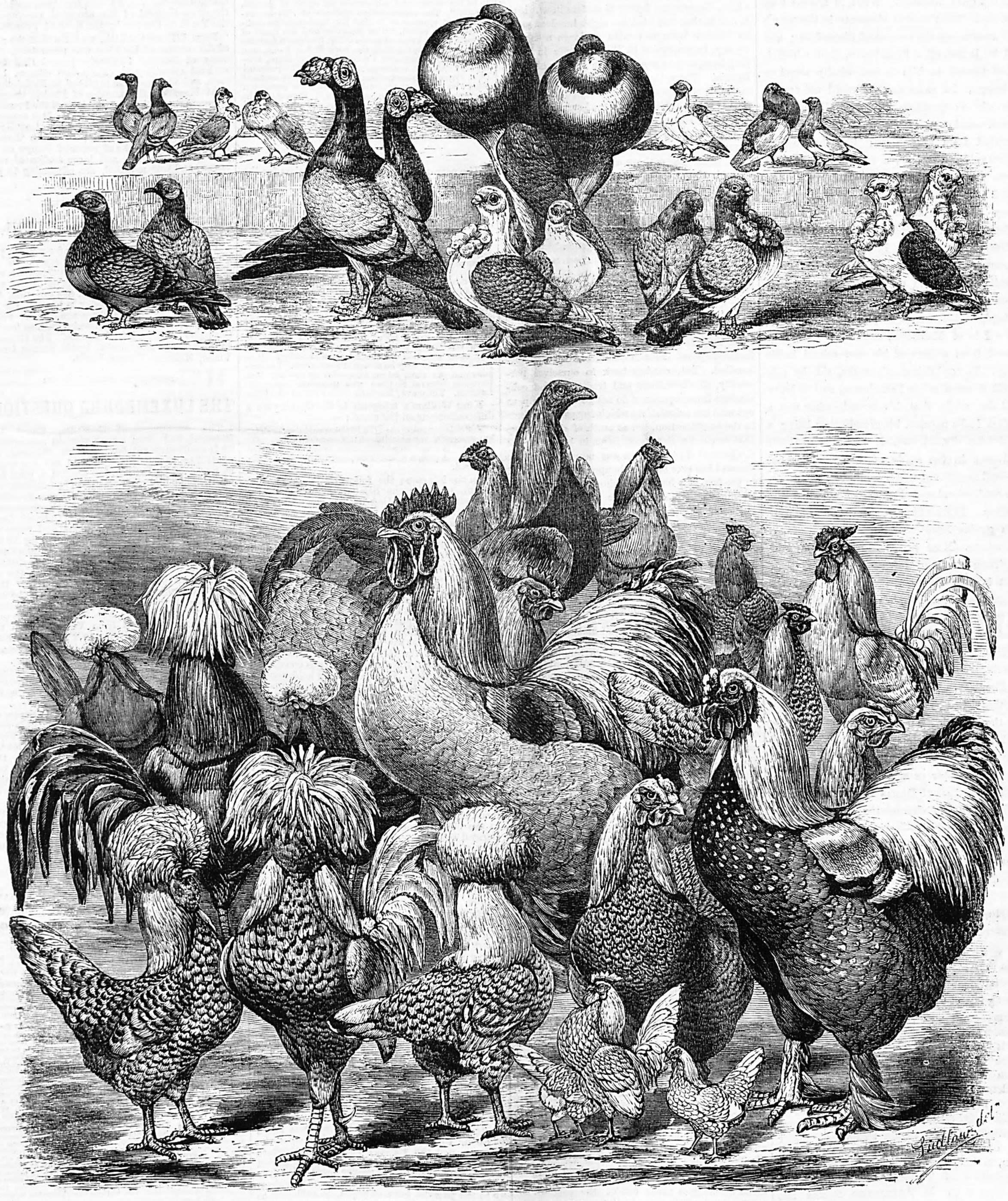


PRIZE POULTRY AND PIGEONS AT BIRMINGHAM AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE. (*See page* 387.)

TROPICAL FRENCH.

The biographies with which the reading public have been favoured this week of the late Alexandre Dumas, have a peculiar suggestiveness in relation to the current history of France. Everyone at all acquainted with the works, in French or by translations, of the author of "Monte Christo," must have reflected on the character of his mind in comparison with the typical mind of the pure Frenchman. He is not just like one of the men among whom he was born, but in the divergence there is not, somehow, a difference in kind. The imagination, the thought, the invention, the picturesqueness, the imagery of Dumas are, so to speak, French lengthened out, warmed, softened. It is not easy to describe how the national in him glides off into that which is not quite national. What is always very plain is that the two elements in the man's character are the reverse of discordant; and if he is not all a Frenchman, that which is not French in him is not wholly novel or strange. In some cases it would not appear seemly to speculate ethnologically about a man—and especially a great man—just departed from among us; but the case of Dumas is, somehow, a case by itself. He was always a phenomenon—always a study; and he made it his habit, perhaps more than any one of his contemporaries, to mark strongly the distinctions of race in the characters upon his literary canvas. His manner of depicting the distinguishing traits of men and women of diverse tribes, and of defining the effects of the mixing of blood, in his scenes of plot and romance in the Isle of Mauritius, separates him very much from writers of his own school in his day. To read this man's works, side by side with those of other Frenchmen, and to know all the while that his grandmother was a West India negress, his grandfather being a patrician Frenchman, is to make a little advance in the study of tribes and races —and something more. It is, in a manner, to understand real Frenchmen so much the better. Alexandre Dumas did not borrow his genius from the black woman of St. Domingo. Nine great men out of ten take a strong strain of talent from the mother, but it was Dumas's father who was the negress's son, and that father was only a man of mark as a soldier. The great romancist's mother was a Frenchwoman and his father half a negro, and this is how the unique mixture comes which makes the author of "The Three Musketeers." That he was a distinguished man is not much to the point of the commingling of races. That might not happen once in a hundred times. But the mental characteristics would be similar in kind whether or not the man was genius; and in the case of Dumas the genius throws a light on the characteristics. What is it that suggests itself—somewhat dimly, let it be confessed—in all this? Simply that the European blood of Gaul and the tropical blood of Africa run smoothly into each other, and together they make rather a help than a let to greatness. An absolutely discordant mixture of tribes results in the weak and the grotesque; here is an example of a conjunction that moves the other way. And in the mental qualities of this romancist—full of strong imagery and passion and sharp enthusiasm—one seems to see that which helps to interpret the French character as it presents itself in such strange times of trial as those of the last six months. We look upon these undefined hints as fresh evidence to add to some which was accumulated before, tending to show that our Gallic neighbours, in the dim ages of yore, gravitated from a region somewhere under the equator, and so they give us, now and then, in their mode of conduct and expression, a specimen of Tropical-French, as, in a different way, M. Alexandre Dumas has done in his life, his habits, and his writings.

TABLE TALK.

If we do not cross-question our friends across the table in these warlike days we cannot help sometimes cross-examining ourselves as to the genuine quality of courage that would be found in us if we were subjected to the terrible experiment which Frenchmen and Germans are placed under now, almost every day. Looking at the subject in a broad and general way we conclude that we should act somewhat after the manner of the Prussian and Bavarian soldiers. We believe that we should display a certain amount of coolness and stedfastness, press on shoulder to shoulder, and take our chance of being among those who fall or those who remain standing or advancing when the one has been taken and the other left. No doubt these general impressions are tolerably correct. Englishmen are not given to panic, and though fighting on the battle-field involves a certain amount of what may be called high-pressure feeling and artificial excitement, we, of this country, should approach as near to the ordinary and normal state of mind in conflict, perhaps, as any people under the sun. Upon the whole, the greatest degree of success in war is attained in that way and, for eight hundred years, no soldiers have met with so large a share of victory, in proportion to the struggles in which they have been engaged, as the soldiers of Great Britain. There is no need for us, even in our moments of most ardent patriotism and sensitiveness as to the military honour of our native land, to grow jealous of the German forces, for from Wissembourg to Orleans, Von Moltke's men, though they have done brave deeds and performed with signal success the work that was cut out for them, have not been in the way of achieving such feats as those which make us, in our weak moments of vain glory, so proud of our laurels. They have marched through France, with their overwhelming weight of men and artillery and their immeasurably superior generalship, and have done grandly just what has been required of them. Had the men of the ranks failed in any one of the important engagements, the defection would have been eminently discreditable. There is, therefore, no ground for reckoning up anew the qualities of the soldiers of the Continent, beyond this: that we have had fresh experience of the inefficiency of French soldiers, when badly handled. But, coming back to ourselves, personally, all these facts and traditions and conclusions from experience do not go far to help us out with the calculations which engage our minds in the consideration, not so much of the courage that would be developed in us in battle, but of the basis of it dwelling in our minds before the demand has ever been made upon us. To stand in the face of a horizontal shower of bullets, to rush down upon a close line of bayonet points, to help to cover a field with moving ranks when a a park of artillery is ploughing up the soil and pounding to destruction almost everything within its range, is a course of conduct that does not commend itself to our liking, or to our idea of maintaining a proper control over our own actions. In truth it is more easy to understand the act of the untutored mobile, "losing his head" under fire, and playing such fantastic tricks as at once cover him with disgrace and increase his danger. Most of us know we should not follow that example, but our knowledge is only a blind trust in certain latent qualities which, we think, would answer to the call when the demand should be made.

We hardly think, when we order the bunch of mistletoe into the house, in anticipation of the coming festivities, that we are paying a sort of unconscious homage to an old superstition. That, like most of our emblems, is a relic of paganism. The worship of inanimate and animate things is rooted down deep in our nature, and it will rather take new forms as times change than let itself be grubbed out. There is a sort of paganism in art, in the drama, in the literature of fiction. In truth, we never know very clearly the meaning of what we are doing, through life, and the reasons of our habits, our likings and our prejudices are very far to seek.

Our little street news-boys are very much more learned in the rules which guide the issue of second, third, and fourth editions of our morning and afternoon papers than are the general readers who form the bulk of their customers. The eking out of later supplies with copies of the earlier editions is quite an art with them, depending upon their dexterity in working off their sale and in reading the character of the buyer. They hold sometimes a curious mixture of second, third, and fourth issues, and manage very cleverly to get off the remains of former sets with the brand new sheets of the latter. A still more recondite trade is carried on with papers that have been read and cast aside. Where the little rascals get them is a puzzle; but they commonly have one or two no longer virgin copies on hand, which they succeed in vending by putting foremost the cleanest side. During the Birmingham Show week a small regiment of these young traders abandoned the *Echo* business, and stood outside the Cattle and Dog Shows, begging of the outcoming visitors the no longer needed catalogues they held in their hands. It would be interesting to know how much profit was made out of the vending of second-hand catalogues to the newly-arriving visitors.

GOSSIP.

The *Musical Standard* hears that Offenbach is losing his popularity in America.

Mr. R. H. Horne is to write his reminiscences of famous men for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the title of "Bygone Celebrities."

The coloured picture "I See Him," which will be published with next week's *Illustrated Midland News*, is from a painting by James Bullock, of Leamington. The printers are Grant and Co., of London, who engaged Doré some time since for a series of illustrations of the great metropolis.

When Mr. Tennyson published the absurd specimen of "dust-bin" literature, commencing, if we remember rightly, "I stood on a tower in the wet" (says the *Civilian*) we lamented over his giving grave occasion to his enemies to blaspheme. But his forthcoming work, "The Window," is too much. Mr. Austin's well-known strictures in *Temple Bar*, in which he described the Laureate as "twittering under our roofs," are more than justified by the "Loves of the Wrens." We are told that they were not intended for publication, and we bitterly regret that this resolution was not adhered to. We have also been told that they were originally intended to be set to music, in which case we can only say that Mr. Tennyson has achieved a victory over the Bunn and Fitzball school in their own arena, at the peril of his own reputation.

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugesson has dedicated to the Princess of Wales a collection of fairy tales, called "Crackers for Christmas." A contemporary fears that "Mr. Hugessen is in part following, in part setting, a very bad example. There are some signs that a temper of almost Oriental servility is creeping over what used to be the manly and self-respecting spirit of English loyalty." The corroborative evidence of this melancholy fact appears to be that Mr. Buchanan has dedicated a book called, "The Hebrides and the Land of Lorne," to the Princess Louise. Mr. Buchanan justifies himself with saying that the book is a sad one, and that "Princess Louise is a veritable Star of Hope, arising on a dark and melancholy wild, where (to quote my own Prologue) absenteeism, overseerism, all sorts of other 'isms,' gather griffin-like around the porches of the proud Highland land proprietors." Perhaps, if he had advised his censors to mind their own business, he would have met all the requirements of the case.—*The Press.*

THE WAR.

The narrative only grows more hopeless for the French, and more melancholy as a spectacle. We begin with the following report of General Chanzy, from Tours, dated the 7th:—

> We have been attacked to-day along our whole line, from Meung to St. Laurent-des-Bois. The principal effort of the enemy was against Beaugency. We had to contend against a numerous park of artillery, reckoned at eighty-six guns. The force of the enemy engaged was one Prussian and two Bavarian divisions, and 2,000 cavalry, with considerable forces of the army of Prince Frederick Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg in their rear. The enemy was driven back as far as Grand Chatre, and we bivouacked in our positions of this morning. Prisoners state that the lo s of the enemy from our small-arm fire was considerable, and that our artillery was very effective against that of the enemy. The battle lasted until night. I do not yet know our losses, but I hope they are not important. Our army operated with calmness and order. It is possible that we may be attacked to-morrow. I anticipate that we shall be as successful as to-day. The Bavarian General Stephan was wounded before St. Laurent. The enemy has been driven out of Marolles.

King William's telegram to the Queen puts a different colour on the event!—

> Yesterday evening the 17th Division sustained a sharp but successful engagement on its march to Blois, near Meung. We are expecting more resistance in that quarter. A gun, a mitrailleuse, and 150 prisoners were captured.

On the 9th came the following telegram from Berlin, touching the bombardment of Paris:—"A letter is circulating among the members of the North German Parliament, in which Count Bismarck reiterates his denial that he is opposed to the bombardment of Paris. To-day it is credibly reported that at a council of war held on Tuesday last, at which the King, the Crown Prince, Count Moltke, Blumenthal, &c., were present, the question of bombarding the city was again considered, and decided in the affirmative.

According to military opinion at Versailles, the victory of Prince Frederick Charles at Orleans, on the 4th inst., put an end to all chance of Paris being assisted from without. It is expected, nevertheless, that the garrison will make further efforts against the German lines, and the situation of affairs to the east of the city is considered very threatening. The French still hold some of their advanced positions upon the great bend of the Marne, such as Champigny, which they have strongly barricaded. Masses of German troops are watching them.

General d'Aurelles de Paladine did not give satisfaction to the Government at Tours by evacuating Orleans. Decrees dated December 6 have been published appointing him to the command of the Camp of Instruction at Cherbourg; General Bourbaki to the chief command of the First Army of the North, with General Borel as chief of his staff; General Ballat to the command of the 18th Army Corps; General Chanzy to the chief command of the 2nd Army, with General Vuillemot as chief of his staff; General Jauréguiberry to the command of the 16th Army Corps; and General Colomb to that of the 17th Army Corps. General Paladine seems, however, to have refused the above appointment.

General Manteuffel reported on Saturday that Dieppe was occupied the previous evening by troops belonging to his army. A portion of the Field Railway Detachment, together with fifty foot soldiers, were surprised at Ham, and captured by the French. On the same day the Grand Duke of Mecklenbourg-Schwerin sent the following telegram to the Grand Duchess:—"The enemy violently attacked us yesterday, but was victoriously repulsed by the advance of the 17th and 22nd Divisions, notwithstanding the superiority of his forces. God was with us. Our losses were smaller than yesterday."

General Chanzy is General d'Aurelles de Paladine's successor. From that commander's head-quarters M. Gambetta telegraphed as follows to his colleagues of the Delegate Government on Saturday:—"I have found everything here perfectly maintained, owing to the firmness and indomitable energy of General Chanzy. He has not only maintained his position for the last three days, but repulsed the masses of Prince Frederick Charles, inflicting the severest losses on them. Fighting has been carried on since the 28th ult., and the veracity of General Moltke's assertion that the Army of Loire is annihilated may be appreciated at its proper value when it is seen that one-half of this army, which has alone up to the present been engaged, is sufficient to hold in check the veteran troops of Prince Frederick Charles."

Phalsburg has at length capitulated. The German troops took possession on Tuesday. On Monday the bombardment of Montmedy commenced. On Tuesday it was reported at Lille that General Faidherbe had retaken La Fere. Of the fighting on the Loire King William sent the following message to Queen Augusta on Tuesday:—

> After the battles round Beaugency, which lasted four days, and which all of them ended victoriously for us, even if, in consequence of the superior numbers of the enemy, no important ground was gained; the enemy unexpectedly withdrew towards Blois and Tours. This step probably was made in consequence of his serious losses, while ours were small. Many deserters have come in there, as well as at Rouen. Many of the Mobile Guards have thrown away their arms and accoutrements, and have returned home; but enough still remain. To-day a rapid thaw is taking place.

A French official report of the same date ran thus:—

> The last important engagement, which was fought on the 10th inst., by the army under General Chanzy, lasted from 8 a.m. till 5.30 p.m., the French taking 400 prisoners, and recapturing the village of Origny. The prisoners confirm the belief that the enemy's losses were severe on the 9th and 10th, great numbers having fallen as victims of our mitrailleuses. On our part the losses were not unimportant.

The French seat of Government is changed from Tours for Bordeaux, to which place Lord Lyons has removed. It was arranged at Berlin on Tuesday, that the Saxon Minister at War, Lieut.-General Von Fabrici, has been appointed Governor-General of the occupied provinces in the North of France, by the King of Prussia.

From Lille on the 14th, we learn that the news of the capture of La Fère was premature. The army of General Faidherbe passed that town without attacking it. Fifty-two officers, 1,839 men, and 63 guns were captured at Phalsburg.

At Honfleur, the number of French troops is increasing, and there are no signs of the Prussians whatever in the neighbourhood. It is supposed that they have abandoned the idea of attacking it. News from St. Malo and the North Western part of France, speaks of renewed energy on the part of the French, and large bodies of men, horses, and war material, are advancing to join the Army of the Loire.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The arrangements for the Conference are progressing satisfactorily. From Brussels on the 8th came the following report:—"France is said to have tried to enlarge the scope of the proposed Conference on the Black Sea question, but this was countenanced neither in London nor St. Petersburg, as the Conference itself would thereby be endangered. The invitations for the Conference will be issued shortly. The Ottoman Empire will be represented by the former Grand Vizier, Mehemet Ruchdi Pasha.

THE LUXEMBOURG QUESTION.

The announcement that the Count Von Bismarck had given notice that in consequence of Luxembourg not having fairly observed her neutrality, that neutrality would not any longer be respected by Prussia, has created a good deal of discussion and excitement. The inference has naturally been drawn that the Minister-President of Prussia is seeking an excuse for the annexation of Luxembourg. On Monday the Patriotic Committee of Luxembourg assembled and voted an address of the people of Luxembourg to the Grand Duke, protesting against the German note which accuses the country of not having fulfilled the duties of its neutrality, and refuting the allegations of some journals to the effect that Luxembourg would willingly consent to the loss of her independence, and to change her nationality. On Monday the *Echo du Luxembourg* professed to have learned from Versailles that the annexatinn of Luxembourg to Prussia has been agreed to by England, in order to make Germany abandon her pretensions to part of Lorraine. It is not, however, at all likely that Great Britain would countenance the annexation of Luxembourg to Germany against the will of the inhabitants.

From Brussels came the following telegram on Wednesday:—Count Bismarck complains in very strong terms of the conduct of the French Vice-Consul in Luxemburg. M. Servais, the Minister of State in Luxemburg, has declared to the deputies that he warned the Vice-Consul, but did not dare to interfere with his proceedings. He warned him even before the capitulation of Metz.

The despatch of Count Bismarck in reference to the violation of neutrality committed by Luxemburg says:—"The North German Government in view of such conduct reserves to itself full liberty of action."

Faceache, Toothache, Tic Doloreux.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depot, 39, Ann Street. Sold by all Chemists; and J. Yardley, of Bloxwich. [107

The Present Season.—Crichley, Wilde, and Co. are now showing a large section of their Patent Air Warmers; also, the Patent Terra-Cotta Gas Stove, which is entirely free from smoke or smell. New pattern Hot-Air Stoves for Halls, panelled with Encaustic Tiles. Churches, Mansions, Shops, &c., heated on the most approved principles. Show Rooms, 5½, 6, and 6½, Cannon Street. Works, Bordesley. [119

Pure Water.—Alfred Bird, Experimental Chemist, begs to announce that he has perfected his new Carbon Filter, price 7s. 6d. each, which he guarantees shall deliver 60 gallons of the purest water daily.—To be seen in action at 69, Worcester Street, Birmingham. [930

Floriline!!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the Fragrant Floriline on a wet tooth brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the Teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed Teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest Toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers.—H. C. Gallup, Proprietor, 493, Oxford Street, London. [156

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Dangerous Chest Complaints.—The enumeration of these diseases is scarcely necessary, as, unfortunately, most Englishmen know them to their cost. Coughs, common colds, influenza, bronchitis, asthma, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, and even consumption in its early stages, are successfully treated by rubbing Holloway's Ointment upon the chest and upon the back between the shoulders. It penetrates internally, checks the cold shiverings, relieves the over-gorged lungs, gradually removes the oppression from the chest, and restores the obstructed respiration, hitherto so distressingly disagreeable and highly dangerous. In treating this class of diseases, Holloway's Pills should always be taken while using his Ointment; they purify the blood, promote perspiration, and so allay dangerous irritations. [42

PRIZE POULTRY AND PIGEONS AT BINGLEY HALL AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The large engraving on our front page presents in two groups the chief prize-takers in Pigeons and Poultry, at the Crystal Palace Show last week, and at the Exhibition at Birmingham the week before. Our artist has taken great pains so to delineate the birds that each one is literally a portrait, and we have no doubt each exhibitor will be able to recognise not only the distinctive class-characteristics, but the individuality of his own specimens. By the aid of the following description, we trust our readers will be able to affix to all the principal birds their honours, and the names of their exhibitors.

The pair in the foreground on the extreme left in the upper group of our engraving, represent a singular, dove-like variety of pigeon, evidently a foreign importation. Those birds are the property of Mr. P. H. Jones, of Fulham. They did not get a prize at Birmingham, where they were exhibited, but from their remarkable appearance they attracted a great deal of attention. At the Crystal Palace Show they were highly commended. The tall pigeon in the foreground, a little to the left of the centre, is a "blue carrier cock," the property of Mr. J. C. Ord, Lupus Street, London. He won the first prize of his class at Birmingham, and was highly commended by the judges at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Ord is a celebrated carrier fancier, who very frequently gets his name placed first on the prize lists. Blue carriers are very scarce birds, and rarely indeed are they found of the pure bright and uniform colour of this specimen. They generally incline to a dingy appearance hardly deserving the name of blue. It has been suggested that a special prize for blues at the great Shows is a desirable experiment, and this is a variety that has been somewhat neglected. The figure behind this first-prize cock, and partly concealed by it, is a "black carrier hen," exhibited by Mr. E. Horner, of Harewood, Leeds. She took a 1st prize at Bingley Hall, and the 3rd prize at the Crystal Palace, where the whole class in which she was exhibited was highly commended. We notice next the pigeon which is the topmost figure of the group. This is a "pouter cock," winner of 1st prizes both at Birmingham and the Crystal Palace, exhibited by Mr. Robert Fulton, Duke Street, Deptford. Next him, on the right hand, is a "pouter hen," exhibited by Mr. A. H. Stewart, Vyse Street, Birmingham, winner of a 1st prize at Bingley Hall. Below the last-mentioned two, in the centre of the foreground, stand a pair of "Sattinetts," of which variety several pairs were exhibited. These are, perhaps, the most beautiful of the pigeon tribe. They were introduced into England about fourteen years ago, by the late Secretary of the Birmingham Columbrian Society, Monsieur Moye, to whose thorough knowledge of all kinds of pigeons, his spirit of enterprise, and his enthusiastic zeal many fanciers are indebted. We understand that Monsieur Moye, who has gone abroad, has forwarded to his successor in the secretaryship, Mr. J. W. Ludlow, a collection of beautiful specimens of pigeons, of varieties hitherto unknown in this country, and hardly to be matched for beauty of plumage by any of our English varieties. Next to these, on the right hand, are a pair of pigeons of the variety known as "owls," which carried off a 2nd prize at Bingley Hall. There was a close run between them and an exquisite pair of whites, the 1st prize winners, exhibited by Mr. J. W. Edge, of Charlotte-street, Birmingham. Those in our engraving are the property of Mr. E. D. Careless of Bromsgrove-street, Birmingham. The pair on the extreme right are "turbits," belonging to Mr. O. E. Cresswell, Hanworth Rectory, Feltham, Middlesex. They took the 1st prize at Bingley Hall. We turn now to the pair on the extreme left of the upper range. They are "dragoons," and stood first on the prize list at Bingley Hall. There are many fanciers who think there should be a more marked distinction between this variety and the "carriers," as this class is sometimes composed of the young of half-bred carriers, occasionally deceiving even the judges. Next those, a little to the right, are a pair of "African Owls," a singular variety, of large size, and apparently of vigorous constitution. They are but lately imported, and in the hands of the fancier may prove a great acquisition to his stock of "pets." The last pair but one on the right, upper-line, are "nuns," the property of Mr. William Banks, of Runcorn, Cheshire. They carried off first honours both at Birmingham and Sydenham. Next them, finishing the line on the right, are a pair of "magpies," of which there were only nine pens in competition. This pair were exhibited at Bingley Hall and the Crystal Palace, by Mr. E. Horner, Harewood, Leeds, and won first prize at both places.

We come now to the Poultry, of which examples of the finest and most striking varieties are presented in our engraving. The great cock forming the central figure is a "Cochin China, (buff)." He is a handsome and majestic bird, and held a very prominent position at the Bingley Hall Show. The interest evinced in the culture of this immense variety of the domestic fowl tribe has been increasing for some years, and the spirit of rivalry among breeders has attained a great height. The bird in our picture is a matured specimen, exhibited by Mr. Richard White, of Shireoak, Sheffield. He won the Society's Silver Cup, and an extra prize of £5. given by a few amateurs, per Mr. Howard Mapplebeck, of Birmingham, from whose yard have emanated some of the finest specimens of this variety. The next bird in the group to which we would draw attention is the large figure in the foreground on the right hand. He is a "dark bramah" of the "bramah pootra" class, which are fast becoming favourites in this country, and monopolise a large proportion of the space allotted to poultry in our Shows—a position of which they are not undeserving, for they are certainly prolific, hardy, and handsome birds. Although of late it has become the fashion among judges to select black-breasted cocks, our artist has given a sketch of a mottled-breasted kind exhibited at Bingley Hall. These are certainly handsomer than the plain-breasted, though they are apt to develop defects. The three birds in the foreground, from the centre to the left, are "silver Polish," of a singular but pretty appearance, being beautifully and uniformly spangled throughout their feathering, as shown in the figures our artist has presented. The 1st prize cock in this class was shown by Mr. William Gammon, Hoole Cottage, Chester. The hens winning the 1st prize belong to our local Polish fancier, Mr. G. C. Adkins, of the Lightwood's, near Birmingham, who has kept and successfully exhibited this variety for a number of years. Mr. Adkins took also the first prize at the Crystal Palace. Above those, on the upper left of the group are three "black Polish, with white crests." These are also of singular appearance, and, when in full plume, they may be called beautiful. The snowy-white crest, in contrast with a glossy black body, renders them very attractive. Our examples are the winning cock, exhibited by Mr. Gammon, and hens belonging to Mr. Samuel Shaw, of Stainland Hall. The topmost figure of our group of poultry is a remarkably beautiful "duckwing game cock," exhibited by Mr. Samuel Matthew, of Stowmarket, Suffolk, which carried off the first prize both at Birmingham and the Crystal Palace. So perfect is this bird in form, and so exquisite in the fall of the pale buff line of feathering on the dark breast, that it unites all the exactness of art with all the charm of nature that is impossible to art. The hens of the same variety are those which took the 1st prize at Bingley Hall, exhibited by Mr. J. W. Thompson, St. Ann's, South Owram, Halifax. In the upper part of the group, on the right hand side of the picture, is a pen of "silver spangled Hambughs." The cock is that shown by Mr. Henry Pickles, jun., Earlby, Skipton, Yorkshire, which took a 1st prize at Birmingham and was highly commended at Sydenham. The hens are those exhibited, successfully, at Bingley Hall, by Messrs. Aston and Booth, Broadbottom, Mottram, Cheshire. In the foreground of the group, a little to the right of the centre, our artist has sketched three of the smallest, but by no means the least beautiful variety. Indeed they were, for "markings," or "pencillings," among the very prettiest birds in the show. These are the "seabright bantams," the best pen of which are represented in our engraving. They were exhibited by Mr. Matthew Leno, The Pheasantries, Markyate-street, near Dunstable, Beds. They carried off the 1st prize at Birmingham and the 2nd at the Crystal Palace.

Maravilla Cocoa for Breakfast.—The *Globe* says—Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, delicate aroma, and all the concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homœopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage.—Sold in packets only, by all grocers, Sole proprietors, Taylor Brothers, London. [76

Important.—14, Carr's Lane, Birmingham. Established 1861, for the sale of Pure Tea. Connoisseurs pronounce the Tea sold at this Warehouse superior to any that can be obtained elsewhere. Twenty-five per cent saved in value. [24

Mutual Life Assurance.—The advantages of the Scottish Provident Institution, as compared with other offices, are a greatly larger original assurance for the same premium, and eventually to good lives, as large additions as where the ordinary high rate of premium is charged.—For particulars, apply to Mr. A. Forrest, 10, Cherry Street, Birmingham. [105

Watkin's Toilet Club, 6, Union Street.—Hair Cutting and Shampooing, 6d. Particular attention paid to the Hair Cutting, Clean Brushes and Towels. A large stock of Headdresses, Plaits, Wigs, Braids, Fronts, &c., to select from. Orders taken are executed on the shortest notice; great care taken in matching the colour. Pomades, Lime Juice, Perfumes, Sponges, Combs, and Brushes in stock at the lowest price. N.B.—A large quantity of Perfume Fountains from 1d. to 1s. [95

Advice to Mothers.—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately: it is perfectly harmless: it produces natural quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take; it soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the owels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes.—Sold by all medicine vendors at 1s. 1½d. per bottle. [694

For Table Delicacies, Desserts, &c., "Sea Moss Farine" is the most healthful, economical, convenient, and delicious food in the world. A Shilling Packet will produce *Sixteen Quarts* of Blanc Mange, Custard Pudding, Charlotte Russe, Floating Island, &c. Sea Moss Farine is in a far more concentrated form than Corn Flours, Maizena, and other farinaceous or gelatinous articles. Its cheapness, wholesomeness, and simplicity of preparation will commend it to all Hotels, Families, and Restaurants. Sold by all Chemists and Grocers. Sea Moss Farine Co., 266, High Holborn, London. [21

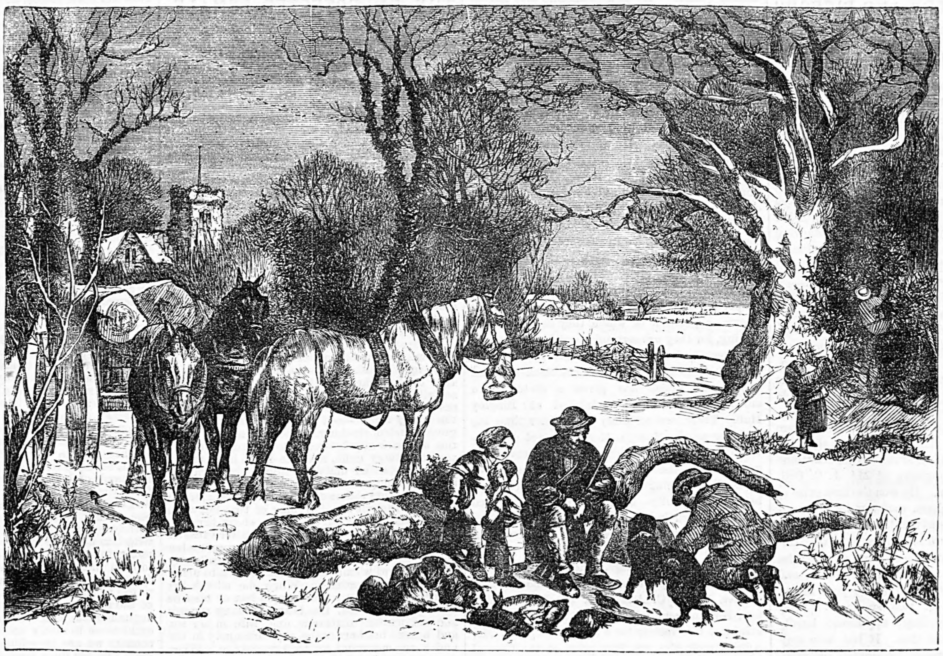
THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

We quote the following from No. 7 of a series of articles published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the head, "Friends of My Travel:"—

No one of your travelling friends has been so lightly come by as the Unprotected Female. It is a case of friendship at first sight—on the part of the lady. Her manners are as innocent of starch as her cuffs and her collar, and she has none of the *mauvaise honte* that clothes the modist of the other sex as in a wrap-rascal of repulsion. You recognise the type at a glance in the gray morning light on the Boulogne platform, when she and you are starting on your respective tours. You see at once she is not unattached for the moment from a party, but abroad "on her own hook," and a veritable campaigner. She drapes herself in a thin assumption of assumed timidity, that sits about as awkwardly on her as her other garments. There is a depth of confident resource in her eye that contradicts it, and the contours of her broad chin and throat would belie it most emphatically even were it not disavowed by her determined stride. Her costume embodies all that is uncompromising, and is eloquent of her independent nature. Her broad flapping hat is a defiance at once to sunbeams and appearances. The wisp of handkerchief is knotted round her neck in the fashion of the rollicking topman. Her brief jacket sits to her sharp form only something less closely than her curt clinging skirts, and then these last are looped up so as to display the heavy square-toed boots and the wealth of gray worsted stocking. There is an ugly solution of continuity between the thread gloves and the limp dingy cuffs, and the right hand grasps a weather-beaten umbrella invariably carried in advance at a good half-arm length. The porters ignore the lady elaborately, for their nice instincts tell them there is small promise of tips, but when she does lay her clutch on one he obeys her with sulky submission. The limber waiter turns to stone under her gorgon gaze as he receives her order for tea, and between his native gallantry and his alarm is embarrassed for once into unaccustomed awkwardness. When she elbows her way to the counter to make up a bag of biscuits by way of viaticum, the lady officiating regards her with marked disfavour, and, safe in her sex and behind her barricades, nips brusquely in the bud a remonstrance as to her change. When your first melancholy presentiments have been more than realised, when the acquaintance that has been imposed upon you has ripened to intimacy in one brief hour, Miss Maskelyne snaps out to you in English more vigorous than terse her ideas on "the airs those French creatures give themselves." You are fortunate indeed if she does not make any matter-of-course civility you may have been betrayed into yourself the text for solemn reproofs and warnings. For too soon, alas! you are made acquainted with Miss Maskelyne's name. While the lady was yet squabbling over the purchase of her travelling stores, you were disposing yourself in tolerable snugness for the journey. You congratulated yourself on being one of four in the carriage instead of having the full half-dozen. One of your companions was an affable and agreeable native; the other two, a quiet, elderly clergyman and his son. Neither of these last smokes, but they assure you with frank cordiality which carries conviction that they rather like a cigar than otherwise so long as there is a window down. So you and the foreign gentleman light your cigars and compare views on the weather. The tickets have been inspected, and you have settled back in your places, when past the window there is a rush as of wings, and the lady of the girded loins and curt tails flutters past, like an elderly Dorking who has mislaid an egg, with the station superintendent, the guard, and a porter following, as if helping her to look for it. What she is in search of is a seat, for, of course, with all her fuss and bustle she is never in time. She has passed on, and you breathe again; but your relief was premature. That malignant porter hops up on the steps and looks in with his "*Voici de place pour deux.*" You inwardly confound him, but can hardly blame the man after all. Had you been in his place you would have looked quite as happy as he at the prospect of being quit of his fair tormentor. As it is, it is the other way, and in she stumbles, cannoning in her adroit awkwardness off the corns of the parson on to the knees of his son. In the ingenuousness of youth, the boy makes an exceedingly wry face. But his good parent, although he too grins, and with pain, bears it with the resignation of a martyr; nay, in his benevolent politeness he extends the new comer a helping hand. That lady uses it frankly, but is far too busy for a word of thanks; already she is sweeping the Frenchman's cloak and *carton de chapeau* out of the spare place by his side, and heaping them on to his knees. To be sure, she does want space, for her whole belongings follow her. There is not too much of them, if they went in the van, like any other Christian's; you might gather as much from the austere simplicity of her toilette. But there is more than enough, in all conscience, considering that she will insist on sticking by it as a Queen's Messenger by his bags. First comes the portmanteau covered with white canvas. The cloak passed through the strap prevents its going below the seat. The courteous Frenchman stoops to remove the obstacle, and she repels him with an energy that makes him shrink scared into his corner, and puff his cigar in double time from sheer agitation. However, to show she bears no malice, and is quite disposed to take advantage of his good nature, she shoves the portmanteau out of her own way well into his and yours. Meantime it has been followed by a huge black hand-bag, a basket, a botanical case, and an alpenstock. With the exception of the last, each has a card stuck on bearing the legend in half-text, "Miss Maskelyne, passenger, Paris." All of these duly arranged at last in the vacant place she has exclusively appropriated opposite, the alpenstock jammed carefully so as to prevent your extricating yourself at any station you may stop at—she had previously displaced everything of everybody else's in a plainly futile attempt to place it in the net overhead—every one being made uncomfortable to her comfort, she has time to look about her, and have both windows drawn up. Then her brow clouds up, and you were quite prepared for it. You had warned her she was getting into a smoking carriage, and she had given no sign. She was only reserving her grievance to use it at a favourable opportunity. Now her brow clouds, and her eye grows sternly indignant. Of course, in ordinary circumstances, your cigar would have been out of the window long before; but in this case of violent intrusion by a gender so ambiguously epicene, you are much inclined to rebel. Her clear resolution to make an example of you half confirms you in resistance. But her sniff and the vicious movement of her thread glove towards a floating puff of smoke is eloquent to the Frenchman. With a start of abject terror he recognises the signs of the storm, and, swift to avert it, nearly tears off the strap in his nervous haste to let down the window and get rid of the unclean thing. There is nothing for it but to do at once what you know you must do sooner or later in regard to your own self-respect. With a swelling sense of wrong you follow his example. The lady's eyebrows unknit, and wintry smiles break from the gray eyes beneath them. Now may heaven protect all lawful travellers, for she is bent on being affable, and if you don't meet her half-way and pleasantly, she is very sure to come and fetch you by force. Fortunately, with the native affinity of females for the cloth, she turns first upon the parson; she calls up an effort at softness and brightness, which reminds you of new chintz crackling over the rough horsehair cushion it tries to hide. Who can say what forms of ambition may lurk in the most unlikely holes and corners? Is it possible that orange blossoms can ever wreathe themselves in the Maskelyne day-dreams? She is not a woman to be easily beaten in anything she sets her heart on, and if that clergyman be a widower, it may be in the inscrutable scheme of destiny that that unconscious son of his is face to face with a stepmother. Up to a certain point, at any rate, the clergyman is as wax in the hands of his inquisitor. He admits respectfully that he is bound for Switzerland; she deigns to inform him she is going there herself. She makes him own to some knowledge of botany and geology, and forthwith she plunges with him into beds of fern and Alpine roses; then rising in a higher flight, she gives him a heavy fall on pleiocene and meiocene and the trap formation. From nature and its marvels she passes to man by easy transition, and in contempt of the presence of a Frenchman and his possible acquaintance with English, expresses decided opinions as to man's exceptional vileness in the country we are travelling through. She abuses them first for their irreligion, then for their religion, and certainly she deals with no tender hand with the idols she denounces. Opening the hand-bag, she extracts from among combs, brushes, biscuits and apples a huge bundle of tracts, to which she demands the prompt approval of the parson. While he turns them over with trembling hands, she selects from a smaller packet two or three French ones of the Spanish fly order, to judge by their titles, and forces them, with some appropriate words, on the acceptance of her French neighbour.

By your arrival at your destination, all of you feel as if you had known and hated Miss Maskelyne for years, and there can be no question, should you ever meet her again, that she will drop down on you as on old acquaintance. That you will meet again there can be less question still, and the shadow of their marred journey rests upon the souls of all the English members of the party. If you met, and in a crowd, in the words of the song, you would not mind it so much. You would deserve your fate if your native astuteness did not enable you to baffle it. But, of course, your meetings fall where there is no escape. You arrive towards dusk at the St. Bernard and are ushered into the great hall of the convent. From the snuggest chair thrust forward full before the blaze, comes the familiar voice you have so often heard in nightmares denouncing the abominations of the Church of Rome. Miss Maskelyne is fixing with her lurid eye the hospitable refectioner, and revenging herself on him for the irritating effect of his climate, although fortunately her French is only intelligible to us Englishmen. You stumble against her on the top of the Faulhorn, where you find her in charge of a couple of terrified old maidens she has ravished, in spite of themselves, up to the eternal snows. You have come to Baden for a few quiet days and, as you stride through the forest avenues towards the Jagd-haus, you see on the bank that overhangs the road something that recalls Leech's cartoon of "Common Objects of the sea-shore." You fancy you recognise those boots, and suspicion over the stockings changes to assurance as the figure straightens its angles and jerks itself round. You pivot yourself, and in double-quick time, but it is too late. You are discovered, and called up for conversation. You have just presence of mind to stammer out that you start by the first train next morning. and break away at last, divided between rueful regrets at the derangement of a pleasant plan and relief at getting out of an ugly scrape so cheaply. You spend at Heidelberg the time you meant to have given to Baden. Some mornings later you step on board the Rhine boat at Mannheim, having taken your ticket to Cologne. You dive to the cabin for coffee, and emerge as the wheels are beginning to revolve to find yourself in the arms of love and beauty. You are violently appropriated at breakfast, reminded of that charming journey to Paris, those delightful encounters at the St. Bernard, &c., and all in a major key that takes the whole cabin into the confidence. You find out, if you did not know it before, that Miss Maskelyne is well read and well informed. She has seen the frescoes of the Niebelungen Lied at Munich, and as you steam past Worms she insists on giving you her own most original version of the legend of the Rosengarten, making wild havoc among the heroes. You pass the miserable time in alternate fever-fits and chills, until at last you slink ashore at Mayence, and hurry off to book yourself through to Ostend by the earliest express. But never again will you pass the Channel with serene mind. At Petra and Palmyra, among the ruins of Carthage or above the Second Cataract, as memory wakes the old stinging associations you will cast uneasy glances over your shoulder. You are never safe from the travelling unprotected female: if she does not renew her youth, yet for all practical purposes she is immortal.

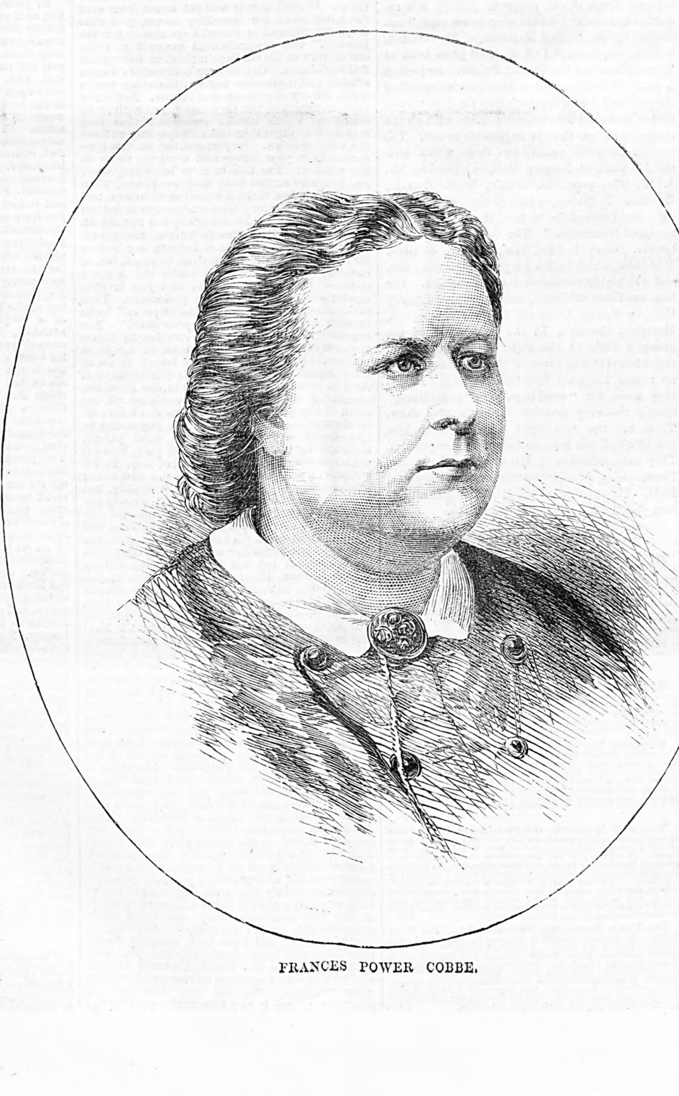
"I have suffered from indigestion and biliousness many years and never received any benefit from medicines I had taken for it until I tried Perry Davis's Pain Killer, which proved, before I had used one bottle, entirely efficacious. I have also recommended it to many friends suffering from neuralgia, &c., who have used it with the same beneficial results. J. L. Haylock, 16, *Huntingdon St., Manchester, July*, 1867.—To P. Davis & Son."



CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE COUNTRY. *(See Page 393.)*

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Miss Cobbe, whose portrait we produce on this page, is one of the few lady writers given to the treatment of metaphysical and psychological subjects. In that respect she may be classed with Harriet Martineau, with this difference, that while the translator of the works of M. Auguste Comte grapples with the whole range of speculative topics, Miss Cobbe confines her attention in these departments of study mainly to the consideration of mental phenomena. Both are politicians, and both strong in social subjects. The first important work published by this lady was "An Essay on Intuitive Morals," the first volume of which was issued in 1855. It was published anonymously, and from the breadth of intellect, extensive reading, and logical acumen displayed by the writer, was pretty generally supposed by critics to have proceeded from a masculine pen. The second volume, devoted to the practice of morals, fully sustained the promise of the unknown author. The object Miss Cobbe had in view was to popularize ethical science, and map out of a system of morals which, to use her own words, should neither be too shallow for the requirements of thinking men, nor too abstruse for popular acceptation, but which should be based upon the ultimate grounds of philosophy, and be developed with such distinctness as to be understood by everyone capable of studying the subject. Containing the moral theory of that school of theology which Theodore Parker may be considered to represent, the work met with severe and searching criticism at the hands of many reviewers of opposite opinions; yet even the strongest opponents of the theory which the author sought to establish could not help acknowledging the singular ability displayed in the work. Though the book, throughout, consists of close reasoning, we could extract many beautiful passages in which the writer is truly eloquent in her intelligent earnestness. Her other principal works are "Essays on the Pursuits of Women," reprinted in 1863 from *Fraser's* and *Macmillan's Magazines*; "Religious Duty," published in 1864, being a revised edition of the second part of the "Essay on Intuitive Morals;" in the same year the author gave to the public, "Broken Lights: an Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith;" "Italics: Brief Notes on Politics, People, and Places in Italy in 1864," a bulky volume of over 500 pages which, however, reached a second edition in 1865; and "The Cities of the Past," an instructive and entertaining work, consisting of a series of sketches recording the author's *impressions de voyage* during a solitary pilgrimage to the East. In 1865 she published a volume of essays entitled, "Studies New and Old of Ethical and Social Subjects," follollowed not long after by "Hours of Work and Play." She also edited the collected works of Theodore Parker, which were published in 1863; and "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," selected from the unpublished sermons of the same author. Several little pamphlets of more or less importance in a social or religious point of view also bear her name, some of which were originally written to read at congresses of the Social Science Association, in whose meetings Miss Cobbe has taken great interest. In her social relations Miss Cobbe is not by any means what one might be led to suppose from the eminently serious nature of most of her books; she is a genial, kindly, sensible, cultivated member of the important sisterhood of single ladies to whom we are indebted for so many good and noble works. Thoughtful as a writer, cheery and warm-hearted in her daily life, with large sympathies, strong convictions, and withal thoroughly in earnest in seeking to redress what she conscientiously considers social anomalies, and in endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of the poor and the oppressed, she has drawn around her a circle of ardent admirers who turn to her for light and warmth as naturally as the flowers to the sun. Of late Miss Cobbe has been very active in literary labour. Rarely a month passes without two or three contributions from her pen in the magazines. Her articles are most frequently met with in the pages of *Fraser* and *Macmillan*.



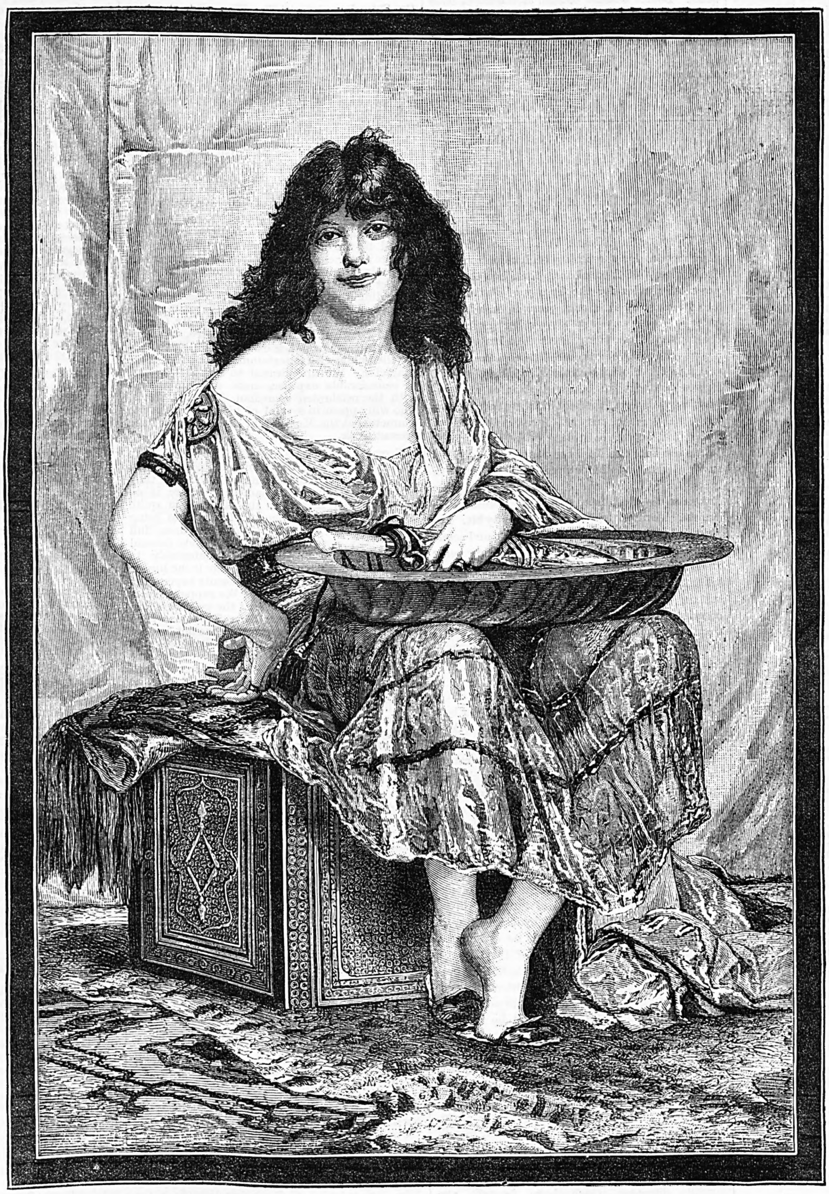
FRANCES POWER COBBE.

The Federal Government has declared to the Powers concerned, and to the Grand Ducal Government of Luxemburg, that in the face of the latter's violations of neutrality, the Federal Government must reserve for itself full freedom of future resolve.

Our "Sketch by Maclise."—The *London Figaro*, referring to the engraving we presented last week from a sketch by Maclise, gives the following interesting reminiscences of the original work: "It was in the immediate neighbourhood of Birmingham that the original picture found its purchaser. It was, in fact, a fresco, and was one of the earliest that were executed by Maclise. He called it 'Chivalry,' and it was purchased by Mr. Birch, and formed a portion of his famous collection at Metchley Abbey, Harborne. The figures in the fresco were life-size; and it was placed on the ground, at the one end of the dining-room, facing the sideboard, over which was hung Constable's large canvas of the opening of London Bridge. We remember dining at Metchley Abbey soon after the fresco was placed there; and when David Cox, who was one of the party, was offered his customary long clay pipe for a smoke after dinner, the Water-colour King demurred to 'blow a cloud' for fear he should injure the fresco. His host considered that it might improve the tone of the fresco; so, after some persuasion, old David Cox enjoyed his pipe. Up-stairs, in the drawing-room, Mr. Birch had another fine example of Maclise—his portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, as the Muse of Poetry. A peculiarity in this picture was, that the back-ground was gilt. The grotesque fairy scene, from Bulwer's 'Pilgrims of the Rhine,' was also in the collection at Metchley Abbey."

SALOME.

The engraving on this page is another of our illustrations of the pictures on view at the Royal Academy Exhibition of Paris in the Spring of this year. It is called by the artist, *Salome la Danseuse*. The painting is by M. Henri Regnault, whose excellence in figure drawing is almost a proverb among French artists. Thus, when one of the critics was discoursing on the peculiar characteristics of another artist, M. Vollon, he said:—"M. Vollon paints turbots, cauldrons, tapestry, and trunks with all the perfection with which M. Regnault paints the the figure." The most uncritical spectator cannot fail to note in Salome la Danseuse, the remarkable excellence of the figure-drawing. The outline, the pose, the roundness and proportion of the limbs, the shape and disposition of hands and feet are rare specimens of the work of an accomplished artist devoting himself to a class of study in which his special talent and his culture are displayed to the utmost advantage. The details, too, of the picture are very fine. The rich trunk, the carpetting, and the drapery, are very cleverly handled.



SALOME, THE DANCING GIRL.—From a Painting by M. Henri Regnault.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

May the fates preserve us from all social intercourse with women of business. If we are to be bored and worried with more than the ordinary cares and vexations of life, may kind fortune in future throw us solely in the track of men, and may it never be our misfortune to discount a bill or transact any business in which the strong-minded sisterhood are concerned. Unhappily, we have had some experience of these amiable creatures. We have known blue stockings who have held us captive in a corner while they read whole pages of their last contribution to the interminable discussion of the woman's rights question. We have known Gorgons who have held us by the button while they talked volubly upon population and pauperism, and a score of kindred topics, in which the repulsive or the dirty side was sure to attract the utmost attention from the dear creatures. We have been swept away from a crowded room into a corner by female empirics, who would insist on explaining their peculiar views in reference to the relations of the sexes; but all these trials were trivial compared with the agonising penance which we suffered when, too confident and trusting, we made the acquaintance of the woman of business. She is a singular creature, full of dreams of how the world ought to be governed, not too nice about commercial morality, or too diffident in her business relations with men. We need scarcely say that, as a rule, she is pretty far advanced in life, and that her recollections of her school-girl career and her love passages (if she ever had any) are hazy and dim, lying like petrified dreams in the almost forgotten past. She was a girl who saw some of us were in swaddling clothes, but she still believes that she could marry the youngest and best among her male friends if she chose. Her get up is eminently utilitarian, and she affects a costume which is a sort of cross between the male and female. We meet her in the City or at the West-end, stalking gloomily along, with her hands stuffed into the pockets of a sort of pea-jacket, and the skirts of her substantial dark dress looped up in business-like style. Beauty has long since fled from her worn face, and the softer graces of woman have been chased away by the cares and trials of the life she lives. What that life is is a mystery to those who know her most intimately. She is always ready to undertake any "commission business," from the raising of money for young spendthrifts at college to the sale and transfer of shares. She professes to be able to conduct any commercial concern under the sun—from a mine to a newspaper—she is cosmopolitan in her tastes and habits, and, although shrewdly suspected to hail from the United States, she never appears to value one bit of earth more than another. If men will but let her live, she cares not where her lot is cast, but, unhappily, the "wretches" insist on persecuting her because she will trespass upon their preserves. Singular as she is, she is by no means an *outre* specimen of the class. Many of the strong-minded sisterhood have turned their gigantic talents to the sordid pursuits of trade, and if some of them fail to earn their salt, this misfortune must be ascribed to the jealousy of men, and not to any shortcomings of their own. The woman of business, who is ready to poke her nose into any bank parlour in the City, who never scruples to make terrible inroads upon the time of a busy trader or merchant, has always a list of stock grievances against the male sex, which she parades in grim order of battle the moment anyone ventures to tread upon the tender ground of her failings. "Men will not permit her to live;" "she has more brains than any half-dozen of the idiots, and yet they sneer at her woman's understanding." She supplies half the speculators with ideas, but cannot get any substantial acknowledgment in return for her labour. People who will pay a "loon of a fellow" who has helped them, decline to allow her her just wages because she is a woman. Still she struggles on and dabbles, behind the scenes, in half the questionable transactions which tend so materially to lower the tone of the commercial world. To do her justice she would be straightforward if she could, but society is prejudiced against her sex, and she is compelled to remain content with business which men ordinarily decline to touch. She is agent for anything or everything, from a horseshoe to a steam engine. She has land in the colonies for sale, on commission, rascally bad paper to discount, and law business of various kinds to manage for a score of people who somehow contrive to get into her hands.

The woman of business has dealt in literature in her time, and has done something in the press to assist the cause of her oppressed sisterhood. When the *Gentlewoman's Farthingale* made its appearance she was at the helm, and laid her gushing friends under heavy contributions for articles; she paid nothing for them, of course, beyond fine promises and tall talk, for the *Farthingale* was not a lucrative speculation. Her own contributions to its sacred columns were remarkable for their Utopian schemes for the regeneration of man, or rather woman—kind and bitter tirades against her oppressors. A solitary male contributor figured on the paper, a poor despised creature, who wrote "Topics of the Week," and that matter-of-fact business was left to him because it did not afford scope enough for the soaring genius of the fair journalists. Women, as usual, declined to patronise the print, and the inflated *Farthingale* collapsed after a troubled existence of a few months. From the editorial chair the woman of business had scolded the inferior animal man, very much in the style in which Launce lectured his dog, but the "brutes" were deaf, and the fair sex still remained in subjection when the light of the brilliant journal went out. But it had served her purpose, and she acquired some standing in society. She had been editress and champion of women's rights, and these two great facts afforded her scope for future operations. She always protested that no one but herself had done anything for woman, and when Stuart Mill published his great essay she traced her sentiments in his clear and beautiful English. The *Farthingale* was the great pioneer, and the ground was first cleared by her powerful and sweeping pen. That she has not rushed again into the perils of printing and publishing is not her fault. Printers are unhappily men, and the heartless knaves care so little for the claims of the superior sex, that they will not risk capital and pay wages for the satisfaction of seeing the great question of the day finally and conclusively settled by the woman of business. She has literary schemes without number in her pocket-book, sketches of novels in which the heroine is a masculine beauty who will not marry, and the bad characters are all men, or women who have been the tools of men. She would start a "daily" to-morrow, or snuff out the *Saturday* with a rival review in which all the topics of the day would be discussed, from woman's point of view, in her own unintelligible gabble. But the printers will not listen to her, and she cannot raise capital herself because she had not yet completed one or two little transactions which, when they are settled, will return her hundreds of pounds in hard cash. She is always on the verge of completing some lucrative piece of business, and is great at "settling" things; but unfortunately she never in reality settles anything. In fact, she lacks the very first principles which go to make a man or woman business-like and methodical. Like most persons who have not been regularly trained in the City, she imagines that a knowledge of commercial affairs can be acquired by intuition, and that trade is merely a game of cards in which chance plays an important part. For such absurd matter-of-fact qualifications as punctuality and truthfulness she has an utter contempt, and although she is always making appointments she never keeps them, but lounges leisurely into the town at three when she has pledged her word to show her charming face at twelve. Young attorneys who are anxious to get practice know her well; she has acted as tout for them; but although some few cling to her skirts, the majority cast her off when they find that her specious promises and tall talk about her connections are evolved from a lively imagination.

Her great failing is a too sanguine temperament. Every scheme which emanates from her busy brain "must succeed." She would take up an exhausted tin mine, and prove conclusively that it would realise cent. per cent. upon the outlay necessary to bring it into working order. She knows how to raise money for any needy spendthrift, and one might be inclined to believe her if she could only raise the wind for herself. She knows Basing-hall-street intimately, and before the passing of the late act she helped a number of "clients" through its filthy courts. She was wont to regard the gloomy pile as a sort of University of Commerce, in which the trader must necessarily graduate before he could succeed in life. The man who has contrived to pass the ordeal again and again, and whose honorary degrees have thickened upon him, wins from her such admiration and regard as she rarely bestows upon the inferior sex. To be bankrupt to the tune of thousands, without one farthing of assets, she regards as one of those clever card tricks, legitimate in themselves, but peculiar to commerce. The remark that truth is stranger than fiction is trite enough, but some of our readers who have themselves seen much of the world will be disposed to think that for once we are romancing, and that we have merely drawn a monstrous creation of the imagination. We can, however, assert that we have adhered strictly to fact, and that our sketch but faintly pourtrays the characteristics of some charming creatures whom we have met in the bye-ways of life. It would, however, be unjust to assume that women who trespass upon the ground which men insist on thinking their own are all disposed to play the part of the woman of business. As a rule, the strong-minded party, with all its eccentricities, is practical enough, and ladies who have addressed themselves seriously to questions which lie within the scope of a woman's powers are an honour to their sex. Perhaps when the social barriers which restrain woman are broken down, and she is permitted, after proper training, to take any place in society for which she may be fitted, the ladies who merely chatter or scheme will quietly drop into their proper places.—*Civilian*.

"THE TRICOLOR OF FRANCE. By VIRGINIA GABRIEL. Sent for 24 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

"THE PUZZLE."—OU VA-T-ELLE? Chansonnette, by ALBERT VIZENTINI, with English and French Words. Also "SPORT." Grand Gallop, by VIZENTINI. Sent for 18 stamps each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

ONLY COME! By BERTHOLD TOURS. One of the prettiest new Songs. Also by the same Composer, "There was a Rose and "For Ever." Sent for 18 stamps each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

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MIGNONETTE (LITTLE DARLING). By SUCHET CHAMPION. "Mignonette, Little Darling! Ever Dearest to my Heart. Like a Flow'ret I could Pluck Thee. Never from Me shouldst Thou Part." This popular Ballad, in F or A, sent for 18 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street. [129

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES, (formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church Street, Liverpool. Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required. GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c., Liverpool. [797

BOOSEY and CO.'S PIANETTES, 19 and 26 Guineas; also, PIANOFORTES, by great makers, which have been on hire, many of them nearly new, at greatly reduced prices.—24, Holles Street, London, W. [152

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Extract of a letter from Mr. Edgar, of the Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lews, to Sir James Matheson, Nov. 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline, as it has proved to be the most successful lotion which she has ever applied to the affected part. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous."

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JOHN GOSNELL AND CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s.6d. per pot. Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London. [852

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NOTICE.

OUR EXTRA CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT will contain the Words and Music of a

NEW CHRISTMAS SONG,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED SPECIALLY FOR THE

ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS.

The Words are by Miss SYDNEY MOSTYN, and the Music by the celebrated

HENRY RUSSELL.

The Air is one of the happiest of Mr. Russell's compositions, and bids fair to become as popular as his famous Songs, "There's a Good Time Coming," "Far, Far upon the Sea," the "Ship on Fire," &c.

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INDIGESTION. — The Medical Profession adopt MORSON'S Preparation of PEPSINE as the true remedy.—Sold in bottles and boxes from 2s., by all Pharmaceutical Chemists and the Manufacturers, Thomas Morson and Son, 124, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London. [845

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties, that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of the art of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA. "No more delicious, refreshing, nourishing, and wholesome beverage has ever been manufactured,—*Morning Post*. [8

NOTICES.

*** An accident prevents us from giving this week a fine portrait of M. Thiers and three War Pictures announced in our advertisements and bill of contents. Their places are filled with illustrations of Fine Art and general interest.

TO LONDON ADVERTISERS.

London Advertisements are received at the London Office, 33, Essex-street, Strand, where all information can be obtained with regard to terms, &c.

Communications and orders for Papers or Advertisements should be addressed to the *Publishers*, and not to the Editor.

All remittances will be acknowledged on a printed receipt form, *and no other receipt will be held valid.*

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of 1s. per line. Space will be measured as lines. Scale and measure may be had on application at the Office. Double columns charged at one-fourth more than the rate of two columns. No extra charge for approved cuts.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths are inserted at a uniform charge of 2s. 6d.

The Trade will be supplied with this paper in London by Messrs. Smith, 186, Strand; by Messrs. E. Marlborough & Co., Ave Maria Lane, E.C.; and at the London Publishing Office of the Paper, at 33, Essex-street, Strand. Annual Subscribers can be supplied by post direct from the Office, 108, New Street.

The Illustrated MIDLAND NEWS

BIRMINGHAM, DEC. 17, 1870.

THE Count Von Bismarck has no more respect for the Treaty of London touching the territory of Luxembourg than has the Emperor Alexander for the Treaty of Paris. The two documents, it seems, were intended to be balanced one against the other and both destroyed. These things seemed to have formed a part of the arrangements between the Chancellor of the North German Confederation and Prince Gortschakoff in anticipation of the present war, before the candidature of Prince Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen for the throne of Spain had become a serious question at Paris. When the Prussian Minister found he could not map out Europe to his liking in conjunction with Napoleon III., he abandoned France and its Emperor to their fate, and took counsel with Russia. Their plan is coming out bit by bit. Let Austria beware. She, too, has German and semi-German possessions to lose. The day may come when she will wish that she had thrown in her lot with France last July; and it is not quite certain that some other Powers will not find occasion to regret that foresight was not given them to induce them to play checkmate to the Count Von Bismarck's plans at the beginning. As it stands, however, Europe has been outmatched by King William's Minister.

WE have to learn new names and do our best to remember them as the war proceeds. Only just sufficient time has been allowed to enable us to master the correct spelling of the rather lengthy designation of General d'Aurelle de Paladine—if that be the the right way to put it, for authorities differ—when that able officer disappears from the scene, and gives place to General Chanzy. We regret General Paladine. He was a complete stranger at first, and rather difficult to recognise for a little while, but we had got used to him, and felt an affection for him as one who had turned the tide of fortune a little. We fear he has been ill-used by Gambetta, in whom Englishmen have little or no confidence. Newspaper readers on this side of the Channel were disposed to take General Paladine's movements for granted with respect to Orleans, and to look forward to the explanation of events. But he could not stand Gambetta, and he is gone. General Chanzy is now doing his work. We will not begin his acquaintance with a prejudice. That he stands in high favour with Gambetta is a point against him, but he may possibly, nevertheless, be a great general, and save France by the instrumentality of the Army of the Loire. If he do better than did his predecessor, he will deserve all honour.

IT is difficult to speak in calm tones of the horrible disasters which have brought the Midlands into conspicuous disrepute within the last few weeks. While men and women and children are dead and dying, nothing that can be said will adequately meet the case. There is, however, the melancholy satisfaction, that the very extent of the calamity will render certain a thorough and complete national inquiry, resulting, in all probability, in a totally new system of dealing with the manufacture of these combustible and explosive commodities. At any cost to individuals, to localities, and to trade, the dangers must be minimised.

THE HUNT.—The North Warwickshire Hounds will meet on Tuesday at Stoneleigh Abbey; Wednesday, at Solihull; and Friday, Claverdon. —The Duke of Rutland's Hounds will meet on Saturday (to day) at Stonesby; Monday, Belvoir; Tuesday, Kirkby Lathorpe; Wednesday, Piper Hole; and Friday, Keisby. Each day at eleven.

AMUSEMENTS IN THE MIDLANDS.

BIRMINGHAM.—At both theatres the performances of last week have been repeated to tolerably good houses. Mr. George Mackenzie took a benefit at the Theatre Royal on Wednesday, when there was a good attendance.

BATH.—The unfortunate Mr. Younge who was one of the victims of the recent railway accident in the North, was, with his company, about to fulfil an engagement at the Theatre. The lessee, Mr. Duck, has since been informed that all the engagements entered into by the deceased will be duly kept; and we see it stated that Mr. Craven will sustain the parts played hitherto by Mr. Younge.

COVENTRY.—During the past week several pieces of interest have been put upon the stage. On Saturday night "The Man with the Iron Mask," and "All that Glitters is not Gold" were produced. The Christmas Pantomime is in preparation.

GLOUCESTER.—Handel's ortorio "Judas Maccabeus" was performed in the Shirehall on Tuesday evening. A band of nearly 40 performers attended, and the chorus comprised members of the Oratorio Society, the Festival Class, and the Cathedral Choir. Madame Helena Walker and Miss Lydia Broad were principal sopranos, Madame Nalton contralto, Mr. E. Lloyd tenor, and Mr. T. Brandon bass. Mr. A. W. Waite was the leader, and Mr. J. K. Pyne the conductor; and Dr. Wesley presided at the organ.

LEAMINGTON.—When a great actor like Mr. Toole visits Leamington we feel the void occasioned by the loss of our pleasant theatre. To engage a star company involves an outlay which can only be met by large audiences, and when we get the performers we want a room capable of holding a very large assembly. This desideratum was supplied by our old theatre; but that is now no more. Our popular manager, Mr. George Lee, although not having the theatre, as aforetime, at his command, is exerting himself to supply the public with entertainments of a first-class character. We are pleased to find that he has, at considerable expense, made an engagement with the celebrated comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole, who will appear in several of his most favourite characters at the Music Hall, at the close of the present week.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Hanlon Brothers have been appearing at the Theatre this week, in pretty much the same entertainment as they gave at the London Alhambra. There is no disguising the fact that the Theatre is quite unfit for such performances, for besides being of too limited a capacity to give them full scope, only a portion of the audience (should the building be full) is able comfortably to witness them. Then of course there is the higher ground that this sort of thing is quite beyond the sphere of the "legitimate." We suppose, however, that we shall be told that the public require this sensationalism—even at a Theatre. The dramatic part of the programme has not been of the best. The "great play"—as it was termed in the bills—of "Perfection," is an extrordinary piece. We have a copper-coloured Indian who has left his native wilds to seek polite France, at the time of Louis XIV., in order to become "civilized." This same Indian moralizes and sentimentalizes by the yard, falls in love with a pretty orphan, Hortense by name, and finds difficulties in the way of his marriage. In addition to this, he is thwarted in his love by Mons. Lascelles, the villain of the piece, but finally earns the Sovereign's gratitude by exposing to him the follies of his court, and unmasking the treachery of Lascelles; his happiness being rendered the more complete, by the obstacles to his union with Hortense being removed. This eminently dramatic creation was placed in the hands of Mr. Holt, who very judiciously acted the part, steering clear of all inducements to rant. Mr. Buchanan, Miss Sallie Vivash, Miss Bertha Adams, and Miss Emily Weston, also very nicely filled their several *rôles*. The entertainment has been concluded with the farce of Mr. and Mrs. White.

SHREWSBURY.—Mr. Henry Haigh's Opera Company performed at the Theatre on Monday night to a tolerably good house, the piece selected being "Masaniello." Madame Haigh-Dyer took the part of *Elvira*, the *Neapolitan Fisherman* was sustained by Mr. Henry Haigh. "The Wandering Minstrel" followed, *Jem Baggs* being represented by Mr. Alfred Leslie.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. J. L. Toole appeared as *Dick Dolland* in "Uncle Dick's Darling" on Wednesday evening last. Mr. Toole was supported by the company from the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, who have been performing here since Monday with appreciative success. "Uncle Dick's Darling" was followed by "The Spitalfields Weaver," and "The Steeplechase."—The Wolverhampton public have for the last few days been made aware, by means of large placards which have adorned most of the posting stations in the town and outlying districts, of the revisit of Mr. Sothern to the Theatre Royal. Owing to the size of the placards they are divided into several sheets, and by an amusing jumble on the part of the bill sticker the celebrated actor is announced on a board erected near the Cemetery Road as follows:—"Satay Decemburder 17th Darrick and Lord Duvid Gaudreary." We will not be so uncharitable as to say that the knight of the brush was "three sheets in the wind" when posting this identical bill, and doubtless a solution of this conglomeration of letters may be found in the fact that the sun and its sister orb, the moon, had hidden (as they have on several occasions recently) their brightness behind an impenetrable fog when this amusing transposition was effected, or that the lamps did not yield sufficient light to enable the bill poster to see his handiwork, and so the sheets were put up at hazard.—At the Prince of Wales' Theatre Douglas Jerrold's nautical and still popular drama of "Black Eyed Susan," in which the hero and heroine of the piece were represented by Miss Ruth Edwin as *Susan*, and Mr. F. Hastings as *William*, has been creditably produced.

NEW MUSIC.

NOVELLO'S OCTAVO EDITION OF OPERAS.

Messrs. Novello and Co., following the example of Messrs. Boosey and Co., are issuing monthly hand-books of the standard operas, printed in the same size and shape as their octavo oratorios. They are edited by Madame Macfarren, and published at a price but little above that of the ordinary "book of words." The works are printed in vocal score, with a piano-forte accompaniment, in which the principal points of the score are indicated, so that the audience may be enabled to follow the instrumental as well as the vocal parts of an opera. We have received "Fidelio," which forms No. 1 of the edition. If this is a fair specimen of what is to follow, the edition when complete will be a most valuable one. It is neatly got up, and beautifully printed. It can either be used as a hand-book at the opera or take its place in the drawing room as a reliable work of reference. The music is well spaced, and there is no difficulty in following the words and music simultaneously. The German words to which Beethoven wrote the music are given with a good translation by the editress. Altogether the Novello edition is a most important undertaking, and deserves to be a great success.

ANGELS. Words by J. F. Waller, LL.D. Music by G. H. Andrews. London: Duff and Stewart.—It displays feeling, but the music is not new or pretty. The key is D. The range from C sharp to D on the fourth line.

RETURN SWEET PEACE. Words by Rev. S. C. Clarke. Music by A. B. Burrington. London: Duff and Stewart.—Mr. Burrington has already won reputation for his part songs, and the piece under notice will, we think, add to his successes. It is smoothly set, the words and music going well together. The accompaniment is easy and effective. It is simple and pleasing. The rhythm is 9-8; key G. Range D to D.

ONLY COME. Written by Robt. Reece. Composed by Berthold Tours. London: Duff and Stewart.—The music speaks the meaning of the words, which are far above the average. It is altogether a creditable production. The key D major; range D. to D.

THE PUZZLE, OÙ VA-T-ELLE. By Albert Vizentini. London: Duff and Stewart. This is a novelty. It is lively, amusing, and pretty. Mr. Reece has cleverly adapted the original French words. The *refrain* "Tra, la, la," we have heard before. Key C; range C to A natural.

ET INCARNATUS EST. (Mozart). No. 4 of "Classical Treasures." IN NATIVE WORTH. From Haydn's Creation. No. 3 of "Classical Treasures." Transcribed for the Pianoforte by J. Theodore Trekell. London: Duff and Stewart.—We have before had to speak in favour of Mr. Trekell's work, and are bound to do so again. The above pieces are very cleverly transcribed, and will add to his reputation. They deserve to be well known.

BRIGHTER HOURS. By Virginia Gabriel. London: Metzler and Co.—The subject is not new, but it is treated with freshness and delicacy. It is scarcely good enough for Virginia Gabriel.

THE UHLAN QUADRILLE. By C. H. R. Marriott. London: Metzler and Co.—Much too trivial and jiggy for a Uhlan quadrille. It is good dance music.

THE LORNE QUADRILLE. By J. P. Clarke. London: Metzler and Co.—Made up of simple Scotch airs carefully and well arranged.

THE ARMOURERS OF THE RHINE. Henry Parker. London: Metzler and Co.—The following extract from a letter written at the Prussian head quarters during the earlier part of the present Franco-Prussian war prompted the composition of this piece: "The village presented an animated scene that evening. In the principal street stood groups of officers and men; many of them waiting for a chance of employing the services of the smiths on behalf of their arms. The ruddy light from the forges fell upon the different uniforms, throwing them into brilliant contrast with one another, whilst from the distance came the sound of the Dessauer March, played by the regimental band, and its strains mingled not unmusically with the hum of the voices and the sound of the anvils." This is all we can find interesting about the piece.

BERCEUSE ANGLAISE. Par Ch. Fontaine. London: Metzles and Co.—We cannot speak too highly of this production. The music is rich and flowing, and does not grow stale by repetition.

NORAH, SWEET NORAH. By W. T. Wrighton. London: Robert Cocks and Co.—This song is becoming rather popular. We have noticed it before.

SWEET NORAH WALTZES.—Composed for the Pianoforte. By C. H. R. Marriott. London: Robert Cocks and Co.—Opens nicely with "Her bright smile haunts me still," but gets rather flat towards the end.

THE LOUISE QUADRILLE. By C. H. R. Marriott. London: Robert Cocks and Co.—An arrangement of good old English airs, which are always welcome. We hope the Princess Louise is not like the picture on the title-page.

NEW YEAR'S CHIMES. Words by Helen Burnside. Composed by W. T. Wrighton London: Robert Cocks and Co.—It is a piece rather difficult to sing. We don't think any one will like it well enough to learn it.

Amongst the visitors staying at the Great Western Hotel, Birmingham, during the week are the Earl of Lichfield, Signor Mario, Mdlle. Liebhart, Mons. [illegible], Signor Sivori, the Chevalier de Kontski, Mr. Walter Maynard, Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. D'Oyley Carte, Mr. and Mrs Ashford, Captain Polland, Mr. H. S. Stephen, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, Boston, U.S., Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Boston, U.S., Captain Shannon, Mr. J. Barton, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. D. MacLean, Mr. R. J. Adams, Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Major Hunter, Mr. R. Atherton, from Pennsylvania, Mr. Honig, from Hamburg, Mr. and Mrs. C. Payne Evans, Mr J. A. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Fennell, Mr. G. Selby, &c.

FASHION.

Every country, people, and language, though boasting perhaps of national independence and the spirit of freedom, is saddled and bitted for one Demon to ride. Nothing less than superhuman power effects this tyranny; for, while all admit the grinding invincible rule, none can hazard a guess at its origin, or give a date for its first command on earth. Nor, once seen in peculiar guise, can this Demon be traced or recognised again with any degree of certainty; for its habit is various as the sands of the sea, and its appearance as uncertain as English weather in springtime. Votaries and worshippers has this spirit, and were he Juggernaut himself, they could not practise more absurd vagaries and senseless ceremonials in their blind prostration before his imaginary shrine. This idol is called Fashion, and we should be happy to be presented to one civilised or uncivilised human being that dare confess himself a sceptic. The worship may be a delusion, because Fashion is not tangible, or palpable. No one has ever seen Fashion or drawn his portrait (or *her* portrait, for the sex is ambiguous), or promulgated the condition of his (or her?) creed; or decided what is orthodox or heterodox. What are the laws of Fashion, and who arranges them? The Demon has its "leaders," or hierophants, of course; but even the priests, as in the worship of Isis, are in the dark as to the will of the Power, and only obey its silent, but irresistible influences. Fashion is at times a serious, at times a merry demon, now stilted and demure, now reckless and wanton; but whatever its mood, the votaries follow the unseen direction, and groan or giggle, amble or swagger, as the spirit dictates. Who can regulate the absurdities and proprieties of fashion? In 1663 the Demon's whim was that between waistband and vest some inches of white shirt should be conspicuously displayed; in 1870, were any of our readers of the male sex to so appear in a ball room, he would be requested to withdraw, with something of peremptoriness. Why should we wear sacks one year and be pinched in woollen cases the next? Why should a Bishop refuse to ordain a candidate who appears before him (like Oliver Goldsmith) in scarlet smallclothes? Is this no sign of the power of the Demon when he commands an English Bishop, and his Lordship obeys? Yet to-morrow the Archbishop of Canterbury might, by a whim of Fashion, be constrained to preach to his clergy in a coat of many colours. Why should the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire regard staring yellow as a funeral colour, and Esquimaux greet each other in good society by rubbing noses? Simply to gratify the humour of Fashion, who must in this mood chuckle consumedly at the antics he makes man perform. The Demon hovers over the Court, and, like mechanical puppets set in motion by the turn of a handle, straightway we have mountebank bowings and reverences, kissing of hands and backing out of rooms; rushing about in carriages for the purpose of leaving pieces of pasteboard at other peoples' houses; sniggering across tables with the juice of grapes in a glass; posturing, jumping about to music, and agonised etiquette; turning night into day, and day into night; buying china, pug dogs, opening theatres, sitting under the Demon's own *flamines* at the Demon's selected church, and a thousand odds and ends such as flounces, furbelows, paste, crinoline, hair powder, double knocks, tags, embroideries, and fripperies without number. Fashion smiles on these silly marionettes, and only pulls the wires with a more viscious jerk when the tired puppets would rest and be still. But the Demon Fashion is immortal, and as restless as he is capricious; no peace have his votaries, and his cruel commands fall on all societies like an epidemic. When the malicious sprite has set men and women all agog with some new folly of his own devising, but which they accept in sober, serious, and painful earnest, he waits only so long that he may find them in the thick of the novel excitement, and then with a twitch of the string he sets them hallooing after the very opposite idea. Occasionally the weakness of human nature opposes the schemes of Fashion when he desires to effect a radical change from some vagary. For instance, when many, many years ago, a certain French Queen had an affection of the ears, the wily spirit whispered to her, "Wear a bonnet!" She did invent this pitfall for susceptible men, and society of all classes has worn the new coif ever since—a bonnet still, though modified five hundred times. Not to be completely set at naught, Fashion instituted the female hat, with which even more execution has been done amongst the impressible sex; but while we write thus slightingly, in this one instance, of Fashion's consistency, the Demon may with a breath annihilate the bonnet, and substitute some hideous covering for the female head, as a punishing answer to our shadowy infidelity.

Fashion, we have said, never dies; but we would ask what are wigs, boots, colours, breeding, fashionable virtues, and fashionable vices worth after all? Will they avail us one jot when the "old, old fashion of Death" comes upon us? When Louis XV., the Archpriest of the Demon, died of so unfashionable disease, the noise of the courtiers who left his bedside to pay their respects to the new King made unceremonious clatter in the halls through which the dark Monarch had passed. We brought no fashion into this world, and it is certain we can carry none with us into the next. We worship a spectre, and follow a shadow for evermore.

Artificial Teeth. Painless Dentistry.—Notice of Removal. Established upwards of Half a Century. Mr. GABRIEL, the Old-Established Resident Dentist, from 65, New Street, to 11, *Bennett's Hill* (next to the Bank of England). Daily attendance from nine a.m. until six p.m. Single Teeth from 5s.; complete Sets from £5.

Iron Wine Bins.—How difficult in many houses to keep a few dozen of Wine as wine ought to be kept—safe, steady, and easy of access! The simplest contrivances of the day are the portable Wine Bins invented by Messrs. Burrow, of Great Malvern. They provide a separate rest for each bottle, soon save their cost, and can be filled or empteed by a child without risk. Made of any size or shape they can be fixed in a minute anywhere in Cellar, Store-room, or Pantry—even the space "under the stairs," or any odd corner in a Batchelor's Chambers may be utilised, and (happy thought) *all can be kept safe under lock and key!* Messrs. Burrow send explanatory Pictorial Illustrations of their Patent Bins, post free, to any one who chooses to write for them, and we believe that Ironmongers and Wine Merchants now very generally keep the various size Bins for sale.—*London Paper.* [148

NEW PATENTS.

(Contributed by Messrs. Payne and Talbot, 1, Bennett's-hill, and 56, Ann-street, Birmingham.)

Improvements in apparatus, instruments, or appliances for washing and rinsing. G. G. De L. Byron, London.

Improvements in the construcfion of surgical instruments, known as "specula." R. Blackbee, London.

Improvements in the treatment of sewage. B. G. Sloper, Northfleet, Kent.

Improvements in the means or apparatus employed for retaining the windows of railway or other carriages, or other windows, when raised or lowered, in any desired position. M. Jacob, London.

Improvements in treating or preparing certain lubricating oils. J. O. Ewing and J. J. Coleman, Glasgow.

A new and improved mode of, and apparatus for, testing the quality of the malleable metals and alloys, C. D. Abel, London. (A communication from G. Bisch, jun., of Boun, Prussia.

Improvements in the manufacture of clay or earthenware pipes, and in the mechanism employed therefor. R. Miller, Gartcorn, N.B.

A new or improved manufacture of plates of glass, S. Neville, Gateshead.

Improvements in apparatus for indicating the speed of vessels and the velocity of running water. P. Jensen, London. (A communication from F. Julius, Christiania, Norway.)

Improvements in machinery or apparatus for manufacturing spool or paper tubes for use in spinning machinery. J. and B. Shackleton, Silsden, Yorkshire. (A communication from J. and A. Greiger, Lille, France.)

An improved coating for safety fuze used in mining. W. B. Smith, Tuckingmill.

Improvements in mine cages and in lifts for warehouses, hotels, and for other places, and in apparatus connected with the said cages and lifts. C. Holcroft, Tipton.

Improved apparatus for dressing stones to be employed for decorticating grain or seeds. J. H. Johnson, London. (A communication from C. Golay, Paris.)

An improved case for the conveyance of plants. W. Bull, London.

Improvements in the manufacture of fluid meat. S. Darby, London.

Improvements in packings and in bearing surfaces, and in the preparation or treatment of materials composing the same. J. N. Johnson, London. (A communication from E. D. Murfey, New York, U.S.)

Improvements in machinery and arrangements for separating mixed substances or materials of different specific gravities. H. C. Carver, Bagillt, Flintshire.

(Patents upon which the £50 Stamp Duty has been paid.)

Improvements in the manufacture of fire bricks, tiles, and solid or hollow vessels or moulds required to resist a high degree of heat; and also in the manufacture of ornamental bricks, tiles, quarries, trusses, bosses, vases, busts, figures, columns, capitals, bases, cornices, copings, tablets, finials, and other articles of an ornamental character employed in building and in architectural decorations. H. Bessemer, London.

Improvements in ordnance and in projectiles used therewith, as also in the processes employed in their manufacture. W. Palliser, London.

Improvements in apparatus or appliances for serving mustard and other condiments. J. M. Napier, Lambeth.

Improvements in metallic bedsteads, cots, and couches. J. Atkins, Birmingham.

Improvements in surgical appendages, to consist of a corset and abdominal supporter combined, also to serve as a truss in cases of umbilical and ventral hernia. T. Petardy, Hatton Garden.

Improved apparatus for controlling indraught of water from constant supply pipes. E. H. Bentall, Heybridge, Essex.

Improvements in the manufacture of bicarbonate of potash and soda. W. Huskisson, London.

Improvements in saddles. J. Clay, Yardley.

REMINISCENCES.

I.

A lazy land, where sleepy oxen stood
Knee-deep in grass, to watch the stream go by,
And many a pleasant reach of rustling wood
Gave refuge from the fierceness of the sky:
A land o'ercome with summer idleness,
Where e'en the swallows slept in midday listlessness!

Deep country lanes between the sunny meadows,
Hedg'd-in with honeysuckle and wild rose,
Made sweet with scents, and dim with hovering shadows,
And glad with every wayside flow'r that blows;
And silent, save for lightest airs that pass,
Waking to smiles the flow'rs, to rustling talk the grass.

II.

Broad lawns, deep woods, and placid lakes,
Where in the wind the lily shakes,
And many a piping bird sweet music makes.

Beautiful gardens, bright with flow'rs,
Green ways, that end in greener bow'rs,
And, over all, the castle's lordly tow'rs.

III.

I dream of these, and, as I dream, the room
Wherein I sit is fill'd with sudden light;
Vanishes sadness, and the saddening gloom
Of Winter's night!

And once again we roam, my love and I,
Thro' summer's crowding glories, while the ways
Echo the songs the birds as we go by
Sing in her praise!

D. Christie.

Gordova Exhibition.—Although the 15th of December is the date fixed for the public trials of the agricultural machinery forwarded to the Cordova Exhibition, it is now notified that implements arriving later will be privately tried, and allowed full rights of participation in the ultimate awards of the jury after the opening of the Exhibition in March next. Intending British exhibitors should immediately address their applications to Messrs. J. M. Johnson and Sons, of Castle-street, Holborn, London.

THE A.B.C. OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN.

BEING A COMPLETE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE ORNAMENTAL ART OF THE WORLD IN ALL AGES.

PERSIAN AND GOTHIC.

Within defined limits the contrast could hardly be greater than that between our two plates, the one exemplifying the Persian style and the other the Gothic. The class of minds from which these orders emanated were so entirely dissimilar in breadth, in vigour, and in culture that it is hardly possible to find any common ground of comparison between their works. We have on former occasions pretty nearly exhausted what needs be said about Persian, and we turn now for the moment quite away from the Ancient and the Eastern to examine an example of Mediæval and Northern. The Gothic has been called the third of the Middle Age styles. It grew, perhaps, to some extent, out of the Byzantine, but there is much pure originality in it; it is a style which grew up as it were in the forests of North Western Europe. Salisbury Cathedral was the first example of the style in this country, for, accurately speaking, Norman is not Gothic. This order was developed in the thirteenth century, completed in the fourteenth, and declined in the fifteenth. It may in a sense be said to have become extinct in this country in the sixteenth century, as a natural consequence of the Reformation. The general characteristics of the style are that it is pointed in its tendency and geometric in its detail. It is geometric, however, only in construction and form, not in spirit or motive. Its symbolism is Byzantine.

An American View of General Butler.—The *New York Post* quotes the old story about the wise father who counselled his son, "If you want to put salt on that bird's tail you must approach it very gently; it will never do to rush at it;" and recommends this sagacious advice to General Butler. "He will never get near enough," says the *Post*, "to the British colonists to put salt on their tails if he goes on in the blustering way in which he has begun." As the ornithological form of illustration is thus adopted, we may add, for the edification both of Mr. Butler and all others who think to frighten, coax, or wheedle us into their toils, that "in vain is snare set in sight of bird." The motives for inveigling us into the toils of the Union fowler are too obvious to give even the slyest and most sagacious of Yankees a chance of getting hold of us. If we may only believe the veracious Benjamin, the birds on the other side of the line are in a perpetual state of moult. Not a feather will soon be left if those wicked and piratical Dominion cruisers have all their own way. So, like a rooster on the proverbial dunghill, General Benjamin utters his periodical note of defiance, and, ruffling his feathers, fancies that somebody is frightened at it. His wonderful sense of self-importance and singularly indiscreet mode of proceeding are, however, the laughing-stock of his own countrymen, and, not for the first time in his life, Mr. Butler has made himself ridiculous by attempting what, at all events to his not very expansive intellect, is impossible to accomplish. Meantime, there are some sensible people out westward whose more rational mode of going to work counterbalances to some extent the humiliating exhibition that General Butler is making of himself and—as a representative man—of his country. At Chicago they probably recognize the fact that ideas of annexation and that sort of talk are all "moonshine." Commenting on the action of the people of New York to obtain the abolition of the Erie Canal tolls, the *Chicago Tribune* says:—"But, even if the Erie Canal be made free of tolls, its capacity is too limited to move the productions of the West. This fact limits, of course, the number of boats that can be profitably employed, and a reduction of tolls frequently induces an advance in freights, leaving the cost of transportation unchanged. The St. Lawrence is a natural highway to the ocean, and should be free to the commerce of both countries. All laws which place restrictions upon free navigation ought to be removed. If by the free navigation of the St. Lawrence and of the lakes by the vessels of both countries the cost of transportation be reduced to the extent of five cents per bushel of grain, it will be that much added to the price of that grain in the hands of the producer, while every cent added to the cost of transportation by the insufficiency of the Erie Canal, and the consequent necessity of using the railways, is that much taken from the value of the grain in the hands of the producer. The question is one addressing itself to the intelligence and interests of the West. Shall they grow grain for their own profit or for the profit of transportation companies? and every measure which tends to reduce the cost of exportation should meet with earnest and prompt support by the people in all parts of the West." The Commercial Committee of the Chicago Board of Trade have agreed to a resolution:—"That this Board most respectfully urge upon the President of the United States the necessity of opening negotiations with Great Britain and pressing them to an early conclusion, with a view of securing to the commerce of this country entire freedom of transit to the ocean *viâ* the St. Lawrence River, and the Canadian authorities cause the enlargement and improvement of this route to the capacity of our largest vessels." This policy, if adopted by the President, would meet with a fair and equitable response from the people of Canada. We can believe the Chicago Board to be in earnest, while it is impossible to think that the Eastern State hero before referred to has any more serious intention than that of securing a little local popularity. The Chicago proposals, if carried out, might give the Americans all they would gain by our annexation, which they value, and we shall continue to wag unsalted tails until some far less dissipated-looking decoy allures us than Ben Butler's Bird o'Freedom.—*Toronto Globe.*

THE MIRROR.

In that quaint old turretted chamber,
With the gloomy tapestried walls,
The ebony bed with its hearse-like plumes,
And hangings like funeral palls:
I awoke with a wildly-beating heart,
When the young moon was riding high;
For something had brushed by the ebon bed,
And whence came that hollow sigh!

I arose and paced slowly the oaken floor,
With my hand on my fluttering heart,
Murmuring "'Twas but the wind; no more"—
And bidding my fears depart.
The arrowy moonbeams gleamed clear and cold
On a mirror of wondrous size—
A stately mirror, and framed in gold—
That fastened my restless eyes.

I stepped to the glass with a jaunty air,
My white lips wreathed in a smile.
"How shall I look by the moonlight fair?"
I wondered—then paused awhile—
When, raising my eyes, what beheld I there?
Not *my* face with its hectic glow,
But a fresh young maiden with unbound hair,
As I was long years ago!

The vision passed, and another came,
My blood at the sight ran cold,
For now I looked on a withered dame,
Myself grown infirm and old—
Propped with crutches, yet painted still,
With a glare in the evil eye
That told of long riot in deadly sin,
And there was my destiny!

Her eyes met mine, and my guilty soul
Quaked with a darker dread,
For I knew their expression to be my own,
Albeit their light had fled.
Then slowly receding, with upraised hand,
This vision of horror passed
Into the depths of the Spirit Land,
And there I stood pale at last.

But again I looked, and a spectral hand
Gleamed 'mid my raven hair;
I turned me round to the moonlit room—
A shadow had fallen there!
A deep voice muttered ('twas from the grave):
"Beware! thou hast seen thy fate."
And then I swooned at the mirror's base,
With the words on my lips, "Too late!"

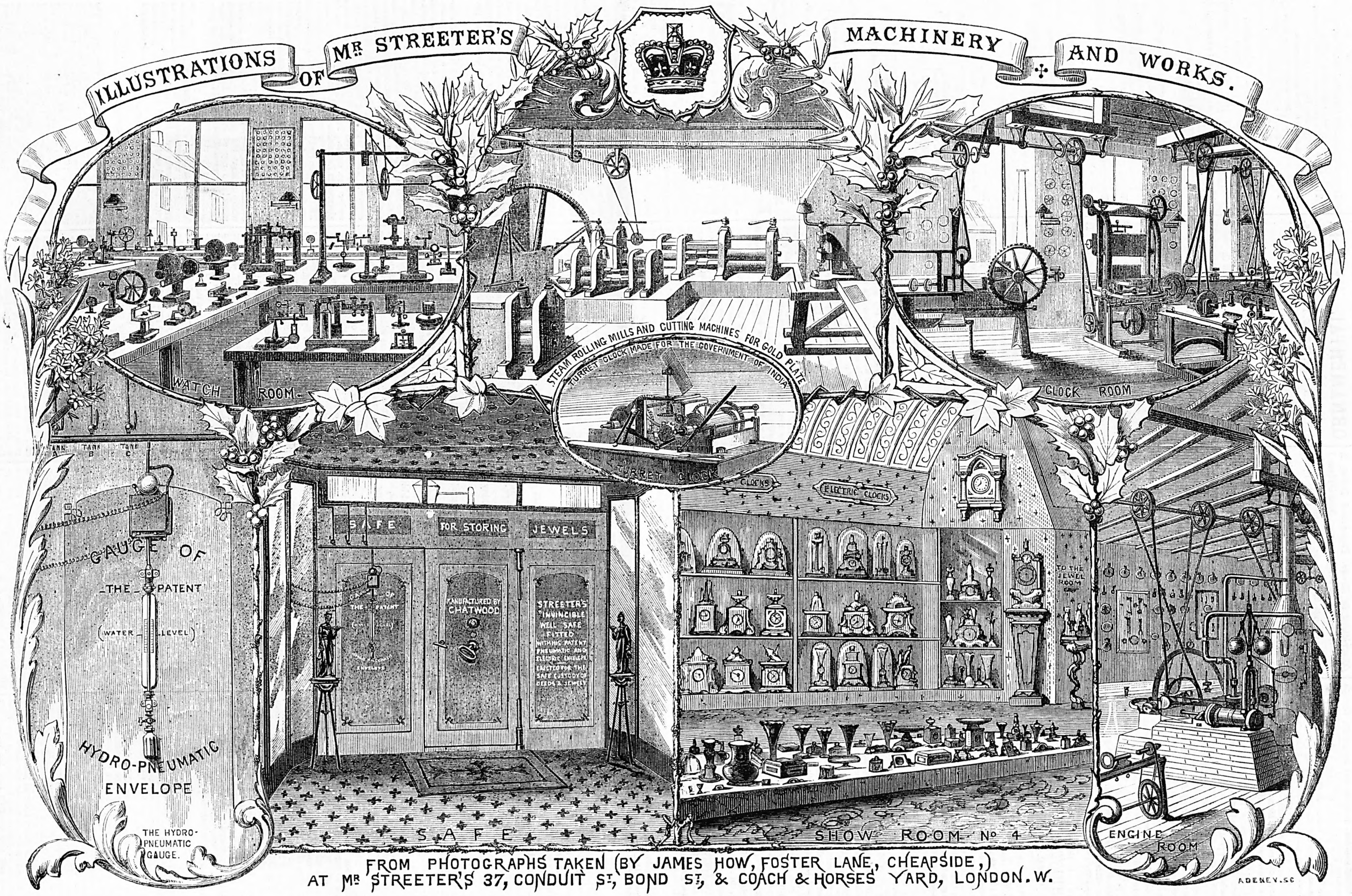
F. B. D.

Melancholy.—Imagine a more melancholy spectacle than a lot of hens trying to roost on a clothes line!

Mr. Tennyson.—Mr. J Hain Friswell in his "Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised" thus speaks of Mr. Tennyson:—"I look at his photograph. Deep-browed, but not deep-lined; bald, but not grey; with a dark disappointment and little hopeful feeling on his face; with hair unkempt, heaped up in the carriage of his shoulders, and with his figure covered with a tragic cloak, the Laureate is pourtayed, gloomily peering from two ineffective and not very lustrous eyes, a man of sixty, looking more like a worn and a more feeling man of fifty. His skin is sallow, his whole physique not jovial nor red like Shakespeare and Dickens, but lachrymose and saturnine: lachrymose! and yet, as regards fame and reward, what a successful man he has been! At the age at which Shakespeare was holding horses, he was a pensionary of the Court. When he was very young the critics killed a far greater poet, John Keats, so that they might shower down repentant and self-recalcitrant praise on the successor. When he was but young, an old worn out poet—a true prose man, but a poet still—contended for the Laureatship after years of toil and pen labour, but the young singer was crowned, and received the laureate's wreath, the Laureate's fame and pension—the glory of which wreath was made purer and higher from that of his predecessor, Wordsworth."

The Methodist Church.—An elephant swimming in a vat of plum jam is like a house on fire. A woodpecker rapping at the door of a burial vault is like a summer squash. A gong-throated jackass executing a drunken solo by moonlight is like a Mermaids dream. The Methodist church—pardon us, gentle reader, notwithstanding the latitude we have allowed ourselves in tracing resemblances not strikingly obvious, we can think of nothing even remotely similar to the Methodist church. There is nothing like it upon the earth, in the heavens above the earth, nor in the sewers under the earth. It is wholly unique and is glorious in its loneliness—A marvel of Bosh and a never-ending wonder of measureless Blather! Bearing upon its brow the impress of the centuries swathed in the bandages of a mystic impenetrability, it stands proped up in a niche of our grand civilization, and set about with symbols of universal intelligence, a monstrous mummy embalmed in the stinking oils of pre-historic ignorance! It is a doggish protest against the evolution of light—an incarnate howl of fetterd whelp against the glad rejoicing of the rising moon! No ray of intellect lights up the bat-vaulted caverns of its conceit; no breeze of progress kisses the stagnant surface of its fathomless stupidity, nor sweetens the foul vacuum of its hideous inutility! By sufferance of a civilization practically unconscious of its existence, and at which it mocks with jabber and squeak, and jeers with doleful croon, the King Idiot is permitted to exist! It is not at all nice, and we're fatigued of it.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

THEATRICAL WIGS, WHISKERS, &c. — The Largest Stock in Town, for Sale or Hire. Private Wigs from 10s. to 100s. Hair Cutting, Brushing, and Shampooing, charge 6d. Immediate attendance. Respectful attention by first class Men from the best houses of London, Paris, and Berlin. The largest and best 6d. and 1s. bottle of Pomade in the trade; has had an immense sale for eighteen years. Choice Hair Washes, from 1s. 6d. Lime Cream, from 1s. Genuine and delightfully perfumed Lime Juice and Glycerine, from 1s. to 6s. A very large assortment of Hair, Tooth, Nail, Hat, and Cloth Brushes, by best makers, from 1s. Dressing Combs in *Tortoiseshell, Bone, Ivory, Horn,* and *Vulcanite,* from 6d. A splendid variety of fancy Back Combs, from 1s. to 50s. Large selection of Fans from 6d. to 60s., including the newest shapes and patterns. The largest stock of Toilet Requisites and Fancy Goods in the Midland Counties, selected from the best houses of Paris and London, at STEELE'S, HAIR CUTTER and ARTIST in HAIR, Opposite the Railway Station, New Street, Birmingham. [591



ILLUSTRATIONS OF Mr STREETER'S MACHINERY ✣ AND WORKS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN (BY JAMES HOW, FOSTER LANE, CHEAPSIDE,)
AT Mr STREETER'S 37, CONDUIT St, BOND St, & COACH & HORSES YARD, LONDON. W.

WATCH ROOM
STEAM ROLLING MILLS AND CUTTING MACHINES FOR GOLD PLATE
TURRET CLOCK MADE FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA
TURRET CLOCK
CLOCK ROOM
GAUGE OF THE PATENT
(WATER LEVEL)
HYDRO-PNEUMATIC ENVELOPE
THE HYDRO-PNEUMATIC GAUGE.
SAFE FOR STORING JEWELS
MANUFACTURED BY CHATWOOD
STREETER'S "INVINCIBLE" WELL SAFE FITTED WITH HIS PATENT PNEUMATIC AND ELECTRIC ENVELOPE ERECTED FOR THE SAFE CUSTODY OF DEEDS & JEWELS
SAFE
CLOCKS
ELECTRIC CLOCKS
TO THE JEWEL ROOM
SHOW ROOM No 4
ENGINE ROOM
A DENEY. SC

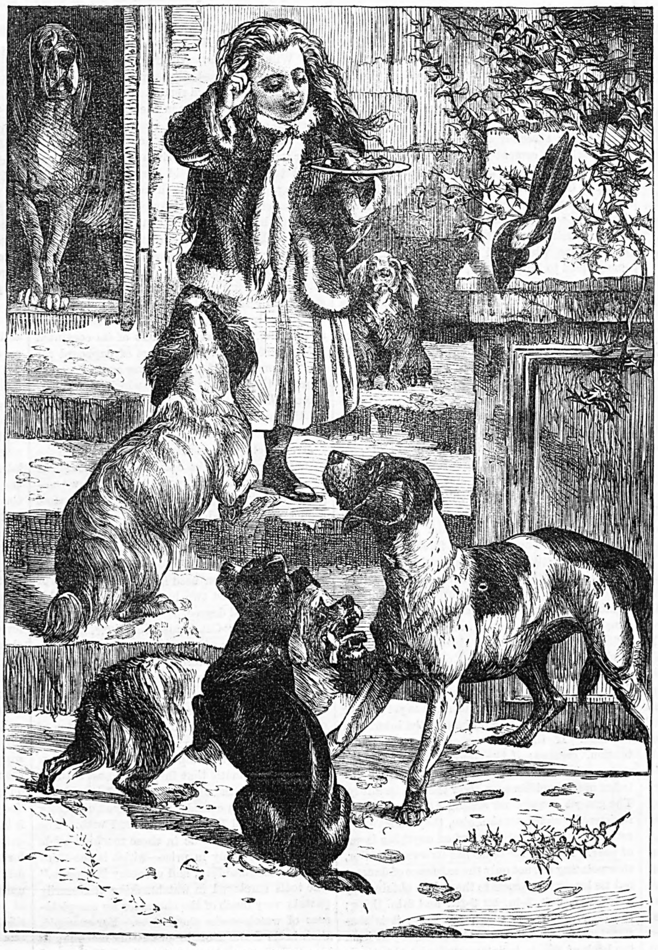
ECCE AGNUS DEI.

Within a few days of Christmas this brilliant symbolic picture of St. John the Baptist giving warning to the world of the Coming of Christ, appeals to us with a peculiar and touching appropriateness. The prophet's mission, to awaken mankind to a sense of the greatest event since the creation — his *Ecce Agnus Dei*, "Behold the Lamb of God" — as much an appeal and a reminder to us all in this year 1870 as it was just so many years ago to the people in the midst of whom the Saviour was coming. In those few days that remain before the church bells ring in Christmas morning, we may, in thoughtful, solemn, but not unhappy moments, call to mind and reflect upon the words of the preacher in the wilderness of Judea, "Ecce Agnus Dei!"

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE COUNTRY.

The snow is on field and wood. The short day is drawing to a close. The horses are home from their labour. There will be an extra day's rest for them on the morrow. The rustic sportsman has been out with his gun, and has made very good provision for the social observance of the festival. Close by the gateway the juvenile members of the family are cutting holly to adorn the homely rural interior which will be made very warm with logs after the winter sun has gone down. Before the chimes in yonder steeple announce the Christmas-day morning service, the housewife will have made things ready for the great annual dinner, and the pleasant spending of the remainder of the day by the domestic group who are now reckoning up the spoils of the good man's gun. Even in winter, under a good covering of snow, there is something charming in the country, and its quietnness and rest on Christmas Eve are in apt consonance with the feelings which the season forces upon us.—See page 388.

Miss Helen Faucit has taken her leave of the Glasgow stage, where she has been a great favourite.



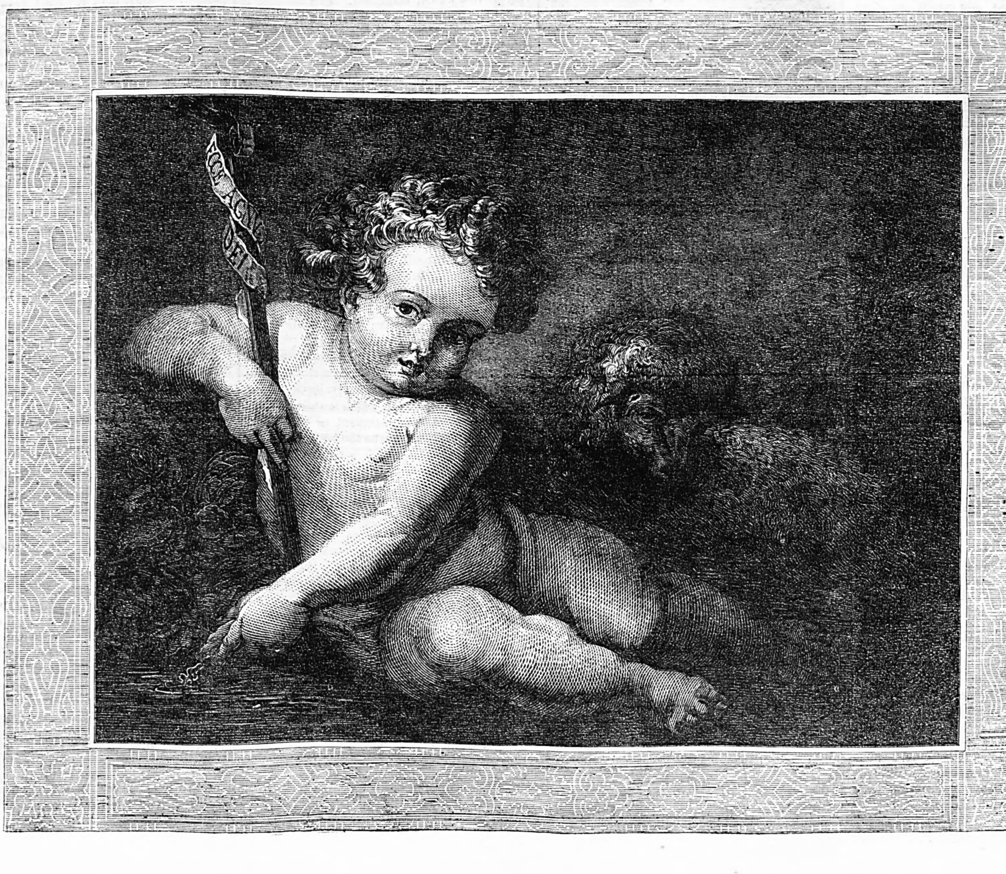
"UP, UP, MY HOUNDS, 'TIS LILLIE COMES."

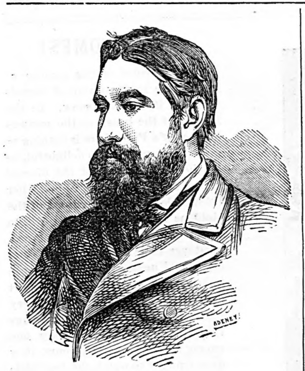
LILLIE COMES!

Very welcome is the coming o little Lillie to the group of hounds awaiting her in the snow. In the feeding of the beasts at the gardens in Regent's Park there is nothing so interesting, nothing so delightful, as in the bringing out of the diurnal plateful after dinner by Lillie to her beloved dogs, who are as fond of the child as is her own mother within the house. Whatever their breed, whatever their temper, there is not an animal among them that would in his fiercest anger do aught to hurt or vex little Lillie. In their very eagerness for the food she brings them, in their very jealousy one among another, of her favours, they do not forget to watch the dear little face, to look for her smile, and to give token of their pleasure when they get a pretty word or two from the small cherry lips. She knows her power as she steps down among them. She stands on her proud superiority. There is not an animal of the lot that would not be a great deal too much for her in a hostile encounter, but while she knows that they are her attached and faithful friends, she knows also that she is their mistress, and can command them. It is a pretty sight, this frail, simple, happy child, ministering to the wants of the rough hungry brood, and holding them at bay by the behest of the little infant finger.

Among the curiosities at the Cordova International Exhibition in Buenos Ayres is the first printing-press introduced from Europe by the Jesuits stationed among the Guarani Indians, on the banks of the Parana.

The American papers are anything but unanimous in their estimation of the claims of Mdlle. Nilson as a singer; complaint is made —a very old one, no doubt, as regards vocalists—that she takes unwarrantable liberties with the text, and that she is by no means a great singer. The reply to these detractors is, that she "draws" more money than even Jenny Lind did.





MR. STREETERS' MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS.

If, in our illustrations of trades and manufactures we simply gave representative establisments in each branch of industry, we think Mr. Streeter's place would be entitled to represent the watch and clock, and jewellery interest of London. There is hardly a more complete establishment to be found in the United Kingdom. Apart from the more practical features of the place, there is an air of taste and refinement on all hands which is so different to the English shops of twenty years ago, that we are fain to admit the influence of French art in the modern mode of decorating and furnishing our houses of business. We are almost afraid to call Mr. Streeter's place a shop, and yet in the general English acceptation of the term it is a shop. It is more like a suite of drawing-rooms, converted, for the nonce, into an elegant museum. Carpeted in perfect taste, the shop and show-rooms are filled with glass cases of artistic design, and these in their turn are filled with articles of vertu, of the costliest and most interesting character. There are watches of every kind, in every possible design of case and face; clocks in bronze and other settings of the most exquisite character; jewels that might purchase a king's ransom; bracelets, earrings, brooches, sufficient to supply a court; and everything is *en regle.* There is no inartistic crowding of these various articles together. One class of goods is made to set off another, and all are arranged with a degree of taste that makes Mr. Streeter's shop and show-rooms a most pleasant relief for the eye accustomed to the incongruities of too many other West End warehouses. Mr. Streeter has not only studied all the different manufacturing processes, but he has a feeling for artistic design and arrangement, and this is observable in every corner of his establishment. He has written a valuable little treatise entitled, "Hints to Purchasers of Jewellery;" which has been spoken very highly of in the *Morning Herald* and other leading newspapers. He gives some important details with regard to the signs and marks in general use on gold and silver, by which value is distinguished. Professor Pepper, in his "Cyclopedic Science," says, "Mr. Streeter has done good service to the public by stating plainly the relative value of the different qualities of gold." The following extract from the work in question will be found both useful and instructive:—

			£	s.	d.	
22-carat	gold is	worth	3	17	10½	per oz.
18	,,	,,	3	3	8½	,,
16	,,	,,	2	16	7½	,,
14	,,	,,	2	9	6½	,,
10	,,	,,	1	15	4¼	,,
9	,,	,,	1	11	10	,,
8	,,	,,	1	8	3¾	,,
6	,,	,,	1	1	2½	,,
4	,,	,,	0	14	2	,,
2	,,	,,	0	7	1	,,
1	,,	,,	0	3	6	,,

One of the most notable features on the ground floor of Mr. Streeter's premises is the wonderful safe for storing jewels, which has been erected there by the inventors, Messrs. Chatwood and Co. The safe is depicted in our picture on the 392nd page of this week's paper. It may be described as follows:—

The largest safe hitherto erected, this is in fact a safe room, fire-proof and thief-proof. Attached to it is an apparatus by means of which any interference with either of its walls—whether on each side, at top or bottom—is immediately detected. Thus an attack,—even from the most experienced burglar, and under the most favourable circumstances—must end in failure. Here is a description of the building, and construction of the safe. The original soil (gravel), having been first rammed down to make it as solid as possible, a bed of concrete, 3ft. deep, formed of large pieces of hard clinker, bricks, granite, &c., mixed with cement, was laid over it; upon this was placed a bed of pure Portland cement, 3in. thick; then the Pneumatic tanks; another bed of cement, 3in. thick, and lastly the foundation plates of the safe proper; making in all five distinct foundation layers above the soil. The sides and back are surrounded by the following buildings: on the north a chapel; on the south Mr. Streeter's engine-room, the boiler adjoining the wall next the safe; on the east Mr. Sedley's premises; the front of the safe forming the west side, next the shop. Leaving out the front and top, it is therefore, evident that the only possible means of felonious entry are through the chapel, Mr. Sedley's premises, or the foundation; which to say nothing of party walls, would involve penetrating successively through 15in. of flint and Portland cement—concrete of the hardest description; the hydro-pneumatic envelope; another bed of 12in. concrete; and lastly, the safe. Messrs. Chatwood, whose safes remained invincible—notwithstanding their offer of £600 at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, to any one who could penetrate them,—have guaranteed to Mr. Streeter, that by no portable appliance can an opening large enough to give admission be effected in either side of their safe in less than forty-eight hours; in front in not less than a week; and the concrete would take at least some twenty-four hours to work through. So that a burglar would have to be at work at the weakest point seventy-two hours unobserved, before entrance was possible. Whereas the hydro-pneumatic envelope insures immediate detection on being tampered with, either above or below ground. This envelope consists of galvanised tanks, perfectly air-tight, which are placed in the foundations and sides lying near neighbouring buildings; each tank being capable of isolation at will, and in communication with the front, where an index guage is attached to it. These tanks are filled with water, and being air-tight, the water-level is, of course, maintained without variation as long as they remain undisturbed, and instantly affected on the admission of air. Simple as this may appear, it constitutes, as will be seen, an efficient means of detection, which is its sole object. It is not intended to serve as a material obstacle, the tanks not being of extraordinary strength; but any interference with them would be immediately indicated by the gauge, while the operator had as yet fifty or sixty hours work between him and the interior of the safe. If the pipes are cut, the air, under tension, escapes; if the tanks are broken, the water, also under pressure, escapes; and the index must, in either case, show the fact instantly. The gauges require no setting after once being registered; under tension also, they indicate, by returning to a normal state, when anything is out of gear. Each of the tanks has its own indicator, thus pointing out not only the existence of danger, but its locality. Access to the safe is obtained by a doorway, 6-ft. 3-in. by 3-ft., and 8-in. thick; the door and frame weigh five tons; it is constructed of, 1st. The outer thickness of best iron, the back of which is intersected with thousands of cones, to receive,—2nd. "Spiegelised" Iron. 3rd. ½-inch plate iron. 4th. The lock and machinery, and the inner fire-proof covering. The fraot of the safe is 18-inches in thickness, and with the substitution of fire-brick for the "Spiegelised" iron, is constructed on much the same principle. To obviate the necessity of wielding so massive a door each time the safe is opened, there is an inner gate of iron, closed with a combination spring lock which gives ventilation during the day, and admits of inspecting the interior. The lock is very large, capable of several thousand different combinations, which render the theft of the key useless. The size of the key is that in use for an ordinary cash box, and no other can possibly open the lock; it is also capable of division, and the different parts are kept by different persons. The top consists of 4-inches of iron, 16-inches of concrete, and 6-inches of Portland cement, making in all a thickness of 26-inches; and is in full view from the shop day and night, having a lamp lighted over it at night, which is regularly watched with the rest of the premises. The construction of the safe is different in principle from any previously attempted. It is in accordance with one of Mr. Chatwood's patents for the "Building and binding together of cast iron or steel plates." So large a chamber could only be constructed in parts, and the problem how to join these parts together so as to make a practically perfect whole, has been solved by Mr. Chatwood in the following manner:—A number of plates 3½-in. thick, of the best iron, weighing each several tons, and extending the whole transverse width and height of the safe are bedded or keyed into iron standards or ribs, about 4-inches square, known technically as "H" iron, and these ribs are again keyed into each other at the angles; while, to make the whole mass compact, wrought iron bars are screwed on in every direction from the inside, in a manner similar to that in which coupling irons are used in attaching locomotives and carriages together on railways. By this treatment the pieces are made to form so nearly one mass that adequate force being provided, the safe might be moved bodily without in any way deranging its construction. The weight of the safe, without its surroundings—taking the metal only—is between fifty and sixty tons. The dimensions are as follows:—Height, 9-ft. 6-in.; width, 9-ft.; depth, 15-ft. This safe, with its hydro-pneumatic envelope, has been pronounced to be, in every sense, invincible.

The reader will remember the wonderful clock-safe described in *No Thoroughfare*, by Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Although it is altogether unlike the Dickens-Collins safe, Mr. Streeter's remarkable store-room reminded us for a moment of the elaborate chapter in the Christmas story. There is an affinity in the idea, and that is all. The Chatwood safe allows no single person to enter its magic portals. Even they who are entitled to enter must hold a sort of Committee meeting, and give up their several portions of the master key. As for any outsider getting in he would have a far better chance of making his way to Her Majesty's dinner table uninvited. Besides, by the simplest possible test the proprietors of the safe can tell at any moment if any attempt is being made upon it. The idea of surrounding the metal with water is unique, and this not only adds immensely to the safety of the store-house, but makes the test of its continual safety perfect. This is the sort of cupboard for the "moonstone" if it should ever again leave the brow of that famous idol to which the perseverence of the Indians restored it, after a series of the most remarkable adventures that ever crowded the imagination of sensation novelist.

Mr. Streeter's speciality may be said to be the manufacture of clocks and watches throughout by machinery, and by machinery which we unhesitatingly pronounce to be of the most perfect kind known to modern engineers. Visiting the watch room we found a collection of curious and remarkable tools for cutting and shaping wheels, and preparing the multifarious works of watches. Machinery has been used in the manufacture of watches for at least two hundred years, but this only in a limited degree. "Formerly," says Mr. Streeter, in his "Catalogue of Designs," only a very few portions of a watch could be made by hand; now, by the term "machine-made," we designate a watch constructed upon a new and connected system of manufacture, the principle of which is to produce every part by a special machine exclusively devoted to the production of that part alone, and as a result making the whole with uniformity and rapidity. These machines are so far automatic that they are almost entirely independent of the skill of the hand in guiding them, and thus a considerable amount of highly paid and skilled labour is dispensed with. The advantage to the public in these machine-made watches is not only in price—which is one-third less—but in durability, and economy in repairs." The tools employed in watchmaking necessarily partake very much of the character for completeness of watch-works themselves. For example, the wheel on the slotting or cutting machine, in the "clock room," is a model of design and finish. It is like a very perfect main-wheel of a very perfect watch, magnified. This machine is used, among other things, for making the cogged wheels so important in clocks and watches. It cuts brass as if it were paper, and cuts it with an exactness that is more than marvellous. "Cutting to a hairsbreadth" is a poor term in watchmakers' machines. Some of Mr. Streeter's machinery are constructed on finer principles than would be regulated by "hairsbreadths." The sizes in some portions of watch-works almost go beyond figures. There are infinitesimal fractions in some of the watchmakers' calculations; and yet the machines now in use at Mr. Streeter's will do every kind of work that the most skilled hand can accomplish. We asked Mr. Streeter how a stranger to the character and quality of watches could protect himself from unfair dealers in buying a watch. In fact, how an intending purchaser should judge of the quality of a watch. "I have explained that, I think, in my catalogue," said Mr. Streeter; "but let me quote myself: To begin with, you should only purchase a watch from a known and respectable maker. The points, however, upon which a stranger can assure himself are these. Firstly, he should see that he buys a lever. A watch is called a lever because the kind of escapement so called has been found, practically, to be the best. Secondly, he should see that the watch is not too thin, but of sufficient thickness to allow full room for the proper freedom of the various parts of the movement. Thirdly, that the watch is really of English manufacture, and, whether of gold or silver, properly hall-marked." There were some important goods in process of manufacture at the time of our visit to Mr. Streeter's. Notably a large turret clock for the Indian Government; and we also saw parts of the "Explorer's Watch," a keyless and water-tight chronometer, which is referred to in another part of this paper. Mr. Streeter's rolling mills for gold plate are notable tools among the cutting, boring, and other machines of his remarkable little factory. Standing in his elegant show room, it is difficult to imagine that close by are those busy workshops which are depicted in our engravings. But alike in workshops and show rooms the same neatness and order is observable.

Mr. Streeter has not only a special claim upon public notice in the fact that he has brought into use in his factory all the aid that the advanced ingenuity of the age can suggest for facilitating the making of his productions, but for having established a definite intrinsic value for all his gold work—i.e., the 18-carat gold, value £3 3s. 8½d. the ounce. It will surprise many of our readers to know that by far the great majority of the gold work made in this country contains only 34 per cent. of the precious metal, while 66 per cent. is but copper, or an alloy equally valueless. This gold is worth only 28s. the ounce, yet the law allows it to be sold as fine gold, and as solid gold. Thus the public have no security, except by inquiring particularly into the value of the material they are buying, and by having a written guarantee of the quality of the gold. If this were always insisted on, many jewellers would be forced into statements far from satisfactory to the purchaser. For legally even-metal, which contains only 5 per cent. of gold, may be sold as "solid gold." Mr. Streeter's jewellery contains 75 per cent. of pure gold, and only 25 per cent of silver and copper in equal portions. This combination produces a metal which preserves its rich color, and yet has the hardness desirable for works of art, and it is accepted is the highest standard for gold work among civilized nations. Although the intrinsic value of the gold used by Mr. Streeter is of this high standard, yet the prices of his goods are not markedly advanced by it, because the cost for labour is very considerably reduced by the use of the new mechanical contrivances for expediting the manufacture. The public are the gainers; and it is to be hoped that the 18-carat gold standard may become general in England, and that English jewellery may successfully compete in quality, as it always has in workmanship, with that of the Continent.

In watchmaking Mr. Streeter, by the aid of his machinery, presents to the public an English lever watch at the price usually paid for the cheap Geneva work. The advantage of the English machine-made watch is not only in price (which is one-third less), but in durability and economy in repairs. In those respects these watches are greatly superior to those made in the ordinary way, for if by mischance a wheel is injured by accident or rust, a new one can be supplied, which will fit exactly, at less expense than the repair of the old part. These watches do not differ in construction or arrangement of the parts from an ordinary watch; the difference is in the way in which these parts are produced and shaped. The system is that which is in use for the manufacture of small arms at the Government Factory, and the result is mathematical uniformity in the size of the parts, and rapidity of production; and, as in the case of the Enfield rifle, &c., the parts of two watches of the same size prove interchangeable. The machines used, as we have previously remarked, are automatic, and the work they yield is almost entirely independent of the skill of the hand guiding them.

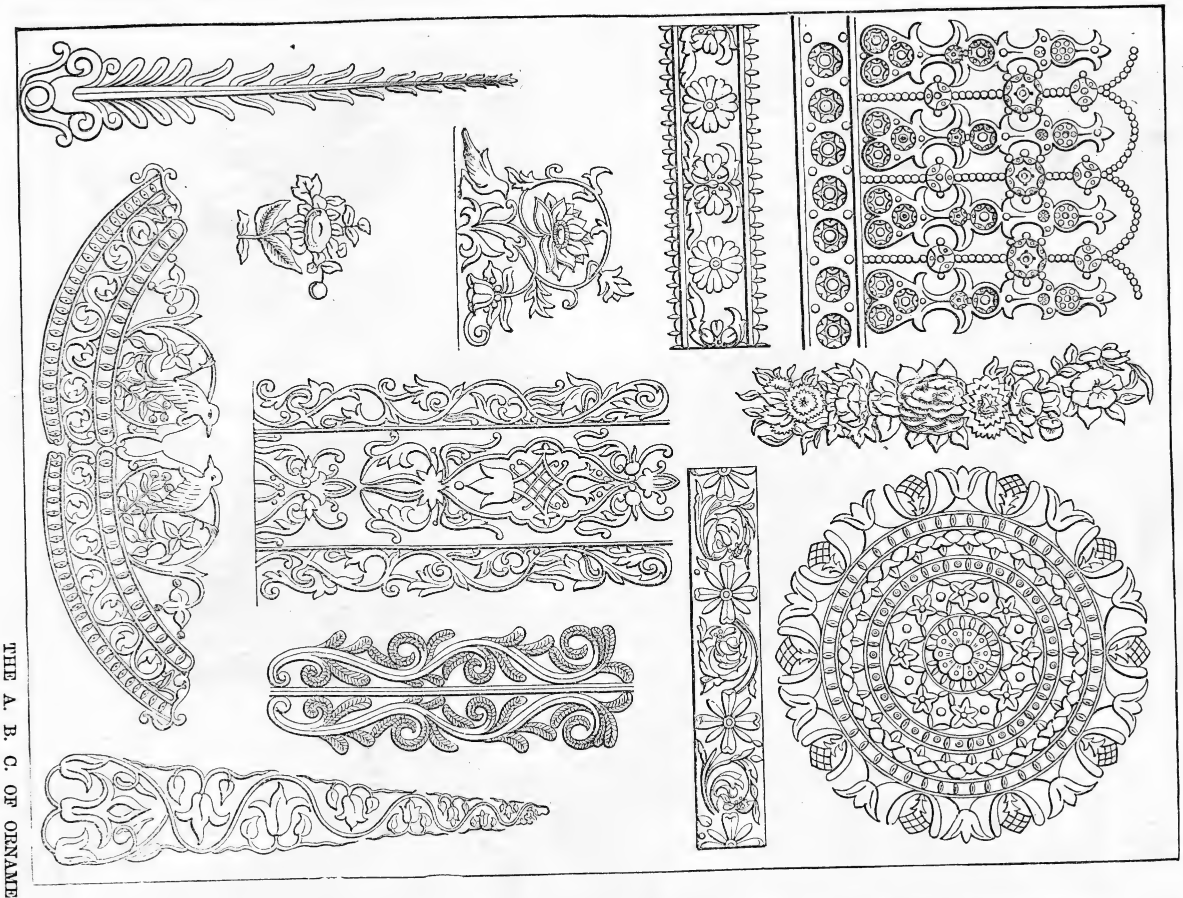
This principle of manufacture is further successfully applied to clock-making, even to those of the largest size, for church towers, &c., and very largely to the making of the ormolu cases of those rich decorative clocks for drawing rooms, &c., of which a large and varied assortment is shown in Mr. Streeter's show room. As evidencing the exactitude of the fitting which results from the use of machinery, we were much struck with a watch which Mr. Streeter manufactures, and which he named the "Explorer's Watch," trade mark "The Globe." It is a keyless watch, with all its parts so closely fitted that it may be taken from the pocket and plunged into water, and even wound-up in the water, with perfect impunity; and anyone curious in such things may see these watches enjoying a bath on the counter at Mr. Streeter's premises.

The *Times*, in 1868, mentioned the introduction of this new industry in the following terms:—"Mr. Streeter, of 37, Conduit Street, Bond Street, has followed the example of the Americans, in producing his watches by machinery, whereby a saving of one-third the cost is effected." The *Standard* said:—

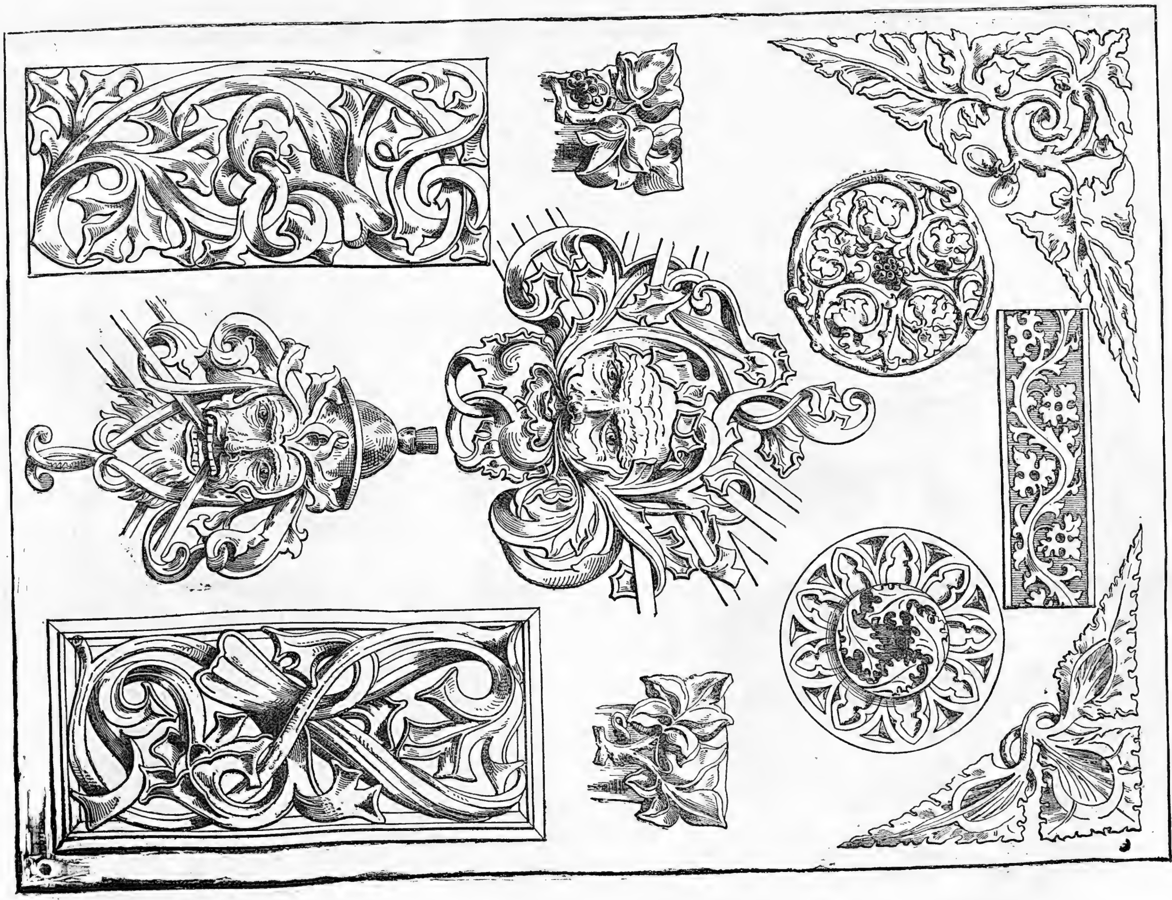
> England has not hitherto been able to compete, so far as cheapness goes, with the Swiss watchmakers, owing to the abundance of labour at their command, and the extremely low rate at which that labour can be obtained; but Mr. Streeter has determined to counteract these disadvantages by introducing machinery to supersede almost entirely manual labour in the manufacture of his watches; and he has already succeeded in producing by it, well-made English lever watches, which he can sell at a price as low as that at which an ordinary Geneva watch can be obtained, and with the great advantage of durability.

One of the most important advantages offered in machine made watches, as noted by the *Echo*, is that each part being made by a separate machine can, in the event of damage, be supplied through the post to any part of the world. Our artist has interwoven in his design the familiar and festive leaves and berries of the holly and the misletoe, which no doubt represent a period of special importance to all who vend goods suitable for Christmas presents. Mr. Streeter is a prince among these dealers in jewels and gold. In giving this letter-press and pictorial description of Mr. Streeter's establishment we cannot do better than give a portrait of the proprietor himself, which will be found at the head of this account of his works and manufactory.

THE A. B. C. OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN.—To be Continued.



PERSIAN.

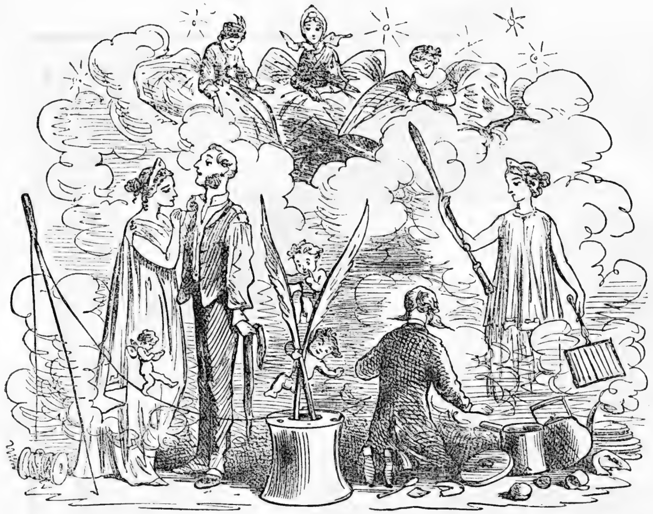


GOTHIC.

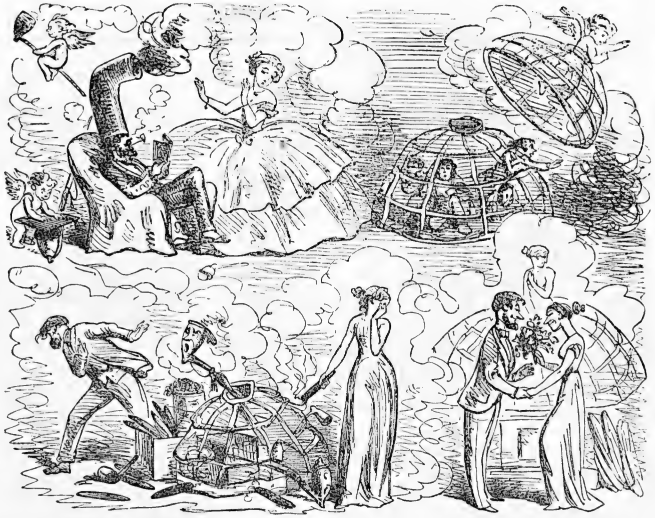
SKETCHES BY "PHIZ."

BEAUTY AND DUTY.

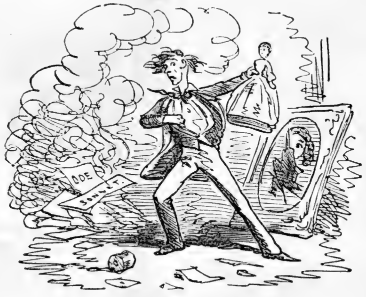
I know quite well just now it's all the rage
(Especially upon the minor stage)
To bend the knee to "woman's heavenly beauty,"
And prate about her *eyes* and not her *duty*.
But, oh, ye men, ye men, if ye but knew
How "lovely woman" really laughs at you
When all her sterling virtues you ignore
And all her pretty vanities adore;
When trashy compliments you think must please her,
Though eight times out of ten they only tease her,
'Tis very like you'll find to your surprise
That *real* women "worshipping" despise.
A woman true, to empty air will scatter
Man's fulsome words that crawl and lie and flatter,
Content to be what Heaven's wisdom made her,
And fly the bending fools who but degrade her;
Who make her eyes "bright stars," or "gems of flame,"
And find for every grace some sickly name;
Nay, nay,—a true-souled woman well affords
To rise above such worship and such words.
Happy, if loved where she herself loves best,
She'll live and love, and go without the rest.



BEAUTY AND DUTY.



REMINISCENCES OF CRINOLINE.



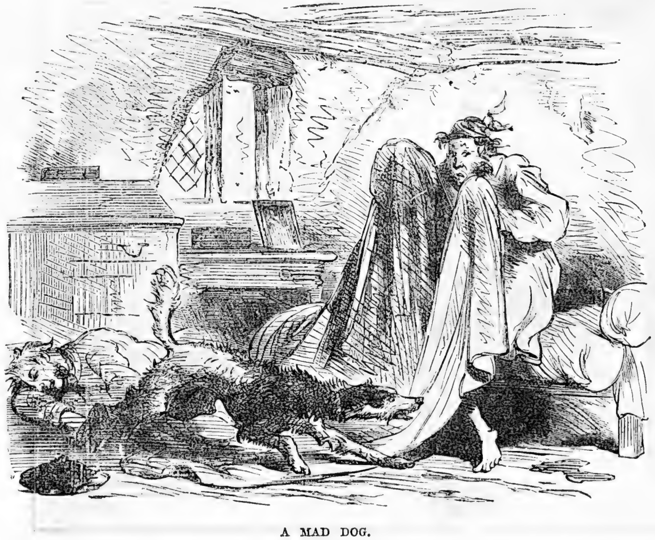
THE ENTHUSIAST.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CRINOLINE.

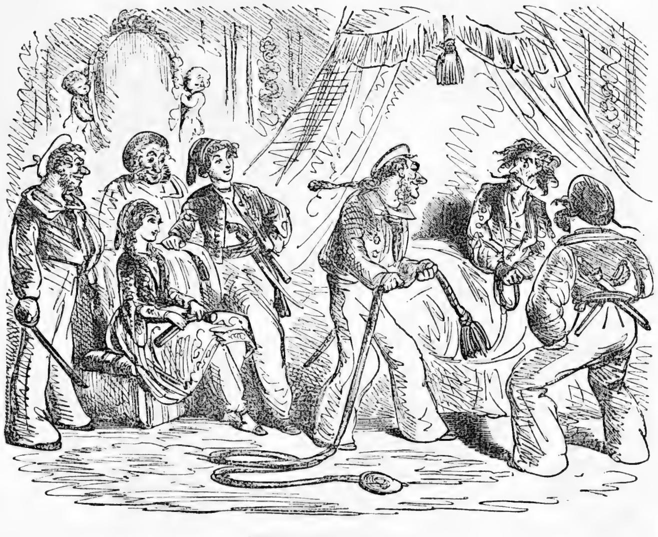
"Now, dearest Fred," she softly said,
"You must abandon smoking;
It spoils your looks—and then your breath—
Indeed it's most provoking.
Did God decree that man should be
A chimney flue regarded?
Then, darling Fred, let it be said,
Tobacco you've discarded."

"Haw, well, my dear," said Fred, "I fear
That will not be so easy;
But, like a man, I'll try a plan,
And do the best to please ye.
Did God intend that woman's mind
Such wond'rous things should brew, love,
As Bustles, Bloomers, Crinolines,
Or Hoops-de-dooden-do, love?

"But really, if"—whif, whif, whif, whif,—
"And mind you, I'm not joking,—
If you abandon Crinoline,
By Jove! I—I'll give up smoking."

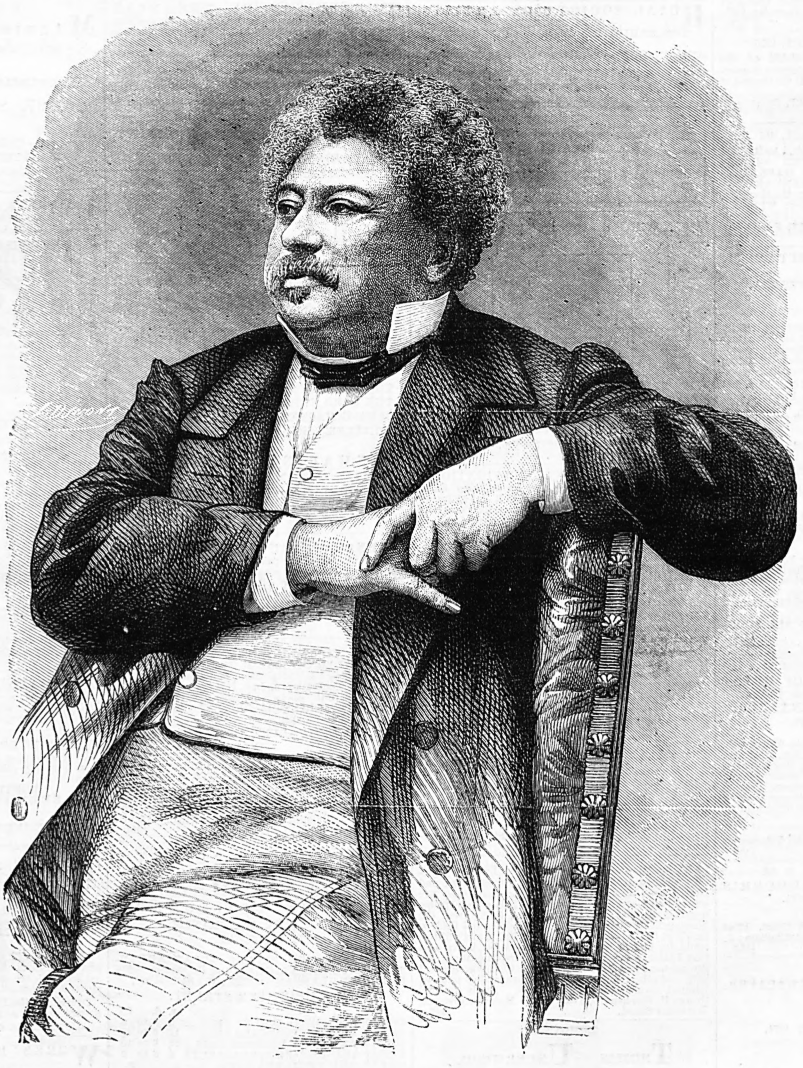


A MAD DOG.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE DEATH OF DUMAS.



THE LATE ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The great Dumas is dead ! In one of the very earliest numbers of this pictorial journal, when our subscribers were far less numerous than they are to-day, we presented them with what was acknowledged at the time to be a remarkably faithful and effective portrait of the great French romancist, and we are sure our old readers will pardon us and our new readers thank us for reproducing now, on the arrival of the news of the eminent author's decease, so excellent and artistic a presentation of the man as he was in life. Those who knew him not personally will jump at once to the conclusion, from his appearance in our portrait, that M. Alexandre Dumas was no ordinary Frenchman. Indeed he was not. He was of that caste of blood which is known in the Southern States of America as a quadroon. His grandfather, the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a Frenchman by blood and birth, was a planter in the West India island, St. Domingo ; his grandmother was a native born negro. The son of this pair was M. Alexandre Davy Dumas, the father of the novelist now dead. Anent his ancestry the following amusing anecdote is related: "Who was your father, M. Dumas?" some blindly fatuous fop, tempting annihilation, is said to have asked him. "A half-caste, sir," was the reply. "And your grandmother?" "A black." "And your great grandfather?" "A baboon, monsieur; my pedigree begins where yours terminates." The following clever personal description of the man appeared some time ago in a London morning paper:—"If you should ever go to Paris, and chance in some of the streets to meet a great boy, about 5ft. 4in. in height, having a physiognomy resembling that of a negro, with frizzled hair, broad nose, and an olive complexion, his costume always being distinguished by some peculiarity such as light yellow under waiscoat, or a riband of an infinite variety of colours depending from his button hole ; speaking loudly and gesticulating fiercely, as if he were quarrelling instead of conversing with a friend —you may go boldly up to him, and say, without fear of being deceived, 'Good day, M. Dumas.' Be assured it is the man himself; for there are not two such physiognomies to be found in Paris at least, though there may be in the colonies, among men of colour. He will receive you very civilly, converse with you, and in a few moments you will feel, as it were, almost instinctively that you are confronted with the greatest, or at all events, the most prolific writer of modern times." M. Dumas' pen during the hey-day of his popularity, says the *Times*, was in constant and well-paid employment; and it is said that at one time his literary earnings amounted to an average of between 700,000f. and 800,000f. a year ; in other words, about £28,000 or £32,000. But, notwithstanding this princely income, so great was his recklessness and improvidence that he was constantly in pecuniary difficulties. His contributions to the French *feuilletons* were at the bottom of this success ; and such a popularity, in France at least, was the high road to wealth. The temptations held out to him by rival journalists to write for their papers were abundant and irresistible ; and at last, we are told, he entered into agreements to write five romances at once for as many papers, an instalment of each appearing daily. At one time, indeed, about a quarter of a century ago, so great a *furore* was raised about his name as a contributor, and so fierce was the contest as to who should have the pre-emption of his pen, that the question came before a court of law at Paris, and he had to sustain a *procés* against several (we believe five) of the great literary capitalists of Paris, who sued him for breach of literary contract. We quote from one of the journals of that day, the following account of those remarkable law proceedings: "The hearing of the process commenced on the 22nd of January, when M. Lacon and M' Langlais, advocates of M. Véron, *gérant* of the *Constitutionnel*, and M. de Girardin, *gérant* of the *Presse*, exposed the case of their clients. From their statements, it appeared that in March, 1845, M. Véron and M. de Girardin conceived the idea that it would be advantageous to their journals to secure the exclusive services of M. Alexandre Dumas, and thereby prevent him from enriching other newspapers with his productions. M. Dumas having complied with their views, treaties were drawn up between the respective parties. These treaties, dated March 28 and 30, 1845, set forth that Alexandre Dumas bound himself not to write, during the coming five years, more than eighteen volumes of romances per annum, of which nine were for the *Presse* and nine for the *Constitutionnel*. M. Véron and M. de Girardin, on their part, bound themselves to pay the price M. Dumas thought fit to put upon his own works, which was, that each volume, forming about 22 *feuilletons*, and consisting of 6,000 lines (bits of lines being counted as whole lines), should be paid 3,500f., which made 63,000f. per annum for the eighteen volumes, or 315,000f. for the five years. But, as M. Dumas, at the time of signing the treaties, was under other engagements, it was stipulated that he should be at liberty to fulfil them. These engagements were specified ; they were merely to complete eight distinct works. When they were done Dumas was to belong to the *Constutionnel* and the *Presse* alone. M. Dumas did not write all these romances. He employed a large staff of assistants, who worked out the ideas which he sketched in the rough, and brought their labours back to him to be retouched by the hand of the great master whom they served. Alexandre Dumas was born on the 24th of January, 1803, at Villiers Catterels, in the department of the Aisne. His father, M. Alexandre Davy Dumas, was a French General officer, who distinguished himself in the wars of the First Napoleon.

On the death of his father, Alexandre Dumas migrated to Paris, with the hope of obtaining some post, through the influence of his family connections, but, as he has declared, was coldly received. A letter of introduction to General Foy gained him a start for which he was always ready to express his gratitude. The start was a clerkship in the secretarial office of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King of the French. All the leisure time which his duties spared him was carefully applied to the improvement of his education, and to the acquirement of a literary taste and skill. His first acknowledged production was a drama entitled "Henri III. et sa Cour," modelled, as he said, on his first impressions of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," which he saw played by an English Company of actors, after he had read the tragedy in question, but not intentively. His dramatic essay was a success ; and he pursued for a time the same course of authorship. With the rapidity which was a salient distinction of his work he wrote play after play; but neither in his own country nor in any other part of the world where European literature makes way was he ever known by his writings for the stage so well as by his entrancing narratives. He despised, or affected to despise, the arbitrary rules of composition ; and, by a certain section of writers in the language of Pascal and Molière was adored for his bold innovations on the French tongue, and for his patriotic assistance in setting his countrymen free from grammatical fetters. His drama, "Le Tour de Nesle," was the immediate cause of a duel between M. Dumas and M. Gaillardet, who claimed the honour of literary paternity. His first romances were "Isabeau de Bavière," "Les Souvenirs d'Antony," and "Gaule et France;" then came his "Impressions de Voyage"—very amusing reading, but, as travels, monstrous fictions. In 1857 M. Dumas visited England during the General Election, and in 1860 he was with Garibaldi in Italy, wrote that great soldier's memoirs, and for a brief period held the office of Conservator of the Naples Museum. In 1852 Dumas began to publish his "Memoirs," and of these upwards of thirty volumes have appeared. Taken collectively the catalogue of his writings is scarcely conceivable for its extent, numbering, it is said, from first last, more than 1,200 volumes. He was as remarkable for the extraordinary range and warmth of his imagination as for the remarkable fertility of his invention. He was a perfect master of the art of enchaining the interest of his readers in his plots while he fed their mental vision with the most glowing pictures. The intelligence of his decease has been delayed, and did not appear in the English papers until last Tuesday. He died on the 5th instant of paralysis, at the residence of his son, the celebrated Dumas fils, scarcely less famous in modern French literature than his father. He was buried at the church of Neuville on the 8th instant.

A Practical Boy.—Pickernel, a successful dry goods merchant of Boston, was waited upon at his hotel by a gentleman farmer who was desirous of getting a boy for whom he was guardian "a place" in Boston. Of course he was an uncommonly smart boy, quick at figures, strong of intuition, and one every way fit, as he should judge, to be a merchant. Pickernel thought over it, and said he would try and make a place for him. In due time the boy arrived at Pickernel's store, his broad face ruddy with health and soapy from morning wash, his hair slicked, his clothes new and uncomfortable, and a stiff dickey cutting his ears. "Ha, you are the boy, are you?" "I 'spose so," said the youngster. "Well, come in here, then. I am very busy, but I will examine you in a few practical questions." The boy came in, and sitting down on the desk, swung his heels underneath it as though he felt entirely at home, awaiting the questions. "Well," said Pickernel, "suppose a young lady should come in here to buy a dress of fifteen and a half yards of calico for ele ven and a half cents a yard, what would it come to?" The boy looked at his questioner, at the ceiling, and the floor, in a state of great bewilderment. "How much kaliker? ' he asked. "Fifteen and a half yards." "What' price?" "Eleven and a half cents." "Well," said he, "I'm darned if I believe any woman wanted so much cloth for a dress as that." That was throwing up the sponge, and Pickernel put another question. "How much would five and a half pounds of tea come to at seventy-five cents and three-quarters per pound?" He received this pretty much the same as the other, and after waiting a minute he asked, "Was it green or black tea?" Without answering, Pickernel put another question. "Suppose I should send you out with a two dollar bill, and you should buy fourteen and a half' pounds of beef, at seven and a half cents a pound, how much money would you have left?" The boy looked at him a moment, and then indulged in a low whistle. "You don't suppose," said he, "you could get beef anywhere at seven and a half cents a pound, do you?" Pickernel gave up this. He asked him no more questions, but sent him back the next day with a letter, stating that he did'nt think he would answer.—*American Paper.*

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"THE TRUCK COMMISSION ACT, 1870."

THE SITTINGS at BIRMINGHAM of the COMMISSIONERS appointed to inquire respecting the Truck System are POSTPONED till the 2nd of JANUARY, 1871.

R. S. WRIGHT, *Secretary*.

12th December, 1870. [149

"THE TRUCK COMMISSION ACT, 1870."

THE COMMISSIONERS appointed to inquire respecting the TRUCK SYSTEM will hold PUBLIC SITTINGS at the TOWN HALL, BIRMIMGHAM, on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th JANUARY.

Communications may be addressed to the Secretary of the Truck Commission, Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.

R. S. WRIGHT, *Secretary*.

14th December, 1870. [163

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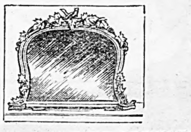

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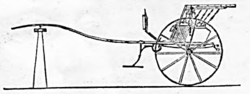

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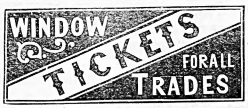

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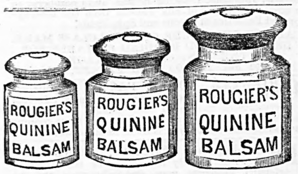

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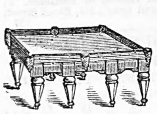

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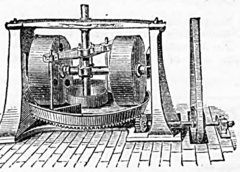

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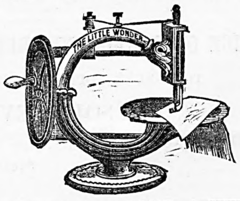

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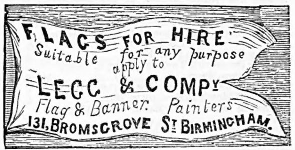
[679



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Suitable for any purpose
apply to
LEGG & COMPY
Flag & Banner Painters
131, BROMSGROVE ST BIRMINGHAM.
[9

RICHARD NEWHALL AND SONS, Beg to call the attention of Merchants and others to their
PATENT SELF-ACTING NEEDLE CASES,
Cigar Cases, Photographic Receptacle Ladies' Companions. Business Card Cases.
N.B.—Cases, &c., made to any design or Pattern.
ASTWOOD BANK, NEAR REDDITCH.
[919

TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE THE TEETH, USE HAMPSON'S
FLUODENTINE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE. Three or four drops on the moistened brush is sufficient for one application. It cleanses the enamel, hardens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Invaluable to Smokers. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimonials. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally, and by R. HAMPSON, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly, Manchester.
BIRMINGHAM AGENT:
ARBLASTER, LATE CHRISTIAN. [934

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.
[511

HUNT'S ECONOMICAL MOURNING AND FUNERAL WAREHOUSE,
94, *BULL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*
BLACK SILKS, Deep and Half Mourning Dresses of Every Description.
SHAWLS, MANTLES, BONNETS, CAPS, and all kinds of Mourning Fancy Goods.
FUNERALS conducted with economy in any part of the country. [456

WAR.—ORDER OF THE DAY.
DRESS!
RIGHT ABOUT FACE! QUICK MARCH
TO THE
GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSE for a Brilliant Smart HAT, the crowning point of a Gentleman's *personel*,
BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.
9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d.
NEW STREET, CORNER OF TEMPLE STREET.
[946

OFFICES FOR BRITISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS and for the REGISTRATION of DESIGNS,
1, *BENNETT'S HILL and* 56, *ANN STREET,*
BIRMINGHAM.

Full instructions may be obtained upon application to Payne and Talbot. [651

LIVERY BUTTONS.—Order your Livery, Crest, Monograms, Police, Naval, Military, and Railway Buttons from PIGOTT and CO., with their *Fast* Shanks.
Improved TROUSER BUTTONS, made with any Name and Address. St. Paul's Square, Birmingham. Patterns by Post. [779

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
MISS DRAPER, BERLIN AND FANCY REPOSITORY, from 24, BENNETT'S HILL, to 81, NEW STREET, OPPOSITE THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS. [131

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.
MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,
SURGEON DENTIST,
(Many years Assistant to Mr. ESKELL, of Bennett's Hill.)
Supplies every description of Artificial Teeth and Gums so largely advertised, at about one-third of the usual charges, being the *actual maker.*
SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.
Only address, [40
16, *NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

COUNTRY LADIES AND LONDON FASHIONS.—The many advertisements of the day, addressed frequently to the inexperienced, whilst they appear to offer facilities, only perplex ladies residing at a distance from the metropolis; nay, all Londoners themselves.

To assist suburban and remote customers, Messrs. JAY transmit patterns by post, or otherwise, and ladies may rest assured that the specimens and the goods will literally agree; and that in dealing with the old-established firm of Messrs. JAY they will buy at as cheap a cost as in any shop in London.

MESSRS. JAY have experienced Dressmakers and Milliners who act as Travellers, so that, in the event of immediate mourning being required, or any other sudden emergency for dress, one can be despatched to any part of the kingdom on receipt of letter or telegram, without any expense to the purchaser. All articles are marked in plain figures, and charges are the same as if the goods were bought for ready money at the warehouse in Regent Street.

Messrs. JAY having adopted a fixed tariff, publish the following epitome of their charges for

DRESSMAKING.	s.	d.
Making Dress, with plain Skirt	10	6
Making Dress with Tucks of Crape or Fancy Trimmings, from	14	6
Making Bodice and Mounting Skirt into band	7	6
Making Widow's Bodice, ditto, ditto	8	0
Mounting Skirt into Band, with Alpaca Pocket	1	6
Mounting ditto ditto, with Black Silk Pocket	2	6
Mounting ditto ditto, without Pocket	1	0
Silk Body Lining	5	6
Silk Sleeve Lining	3	6
Silk Low Body and Sleeve Lining	5	6
Lawn Body Lining	1	6
Sleeve Lining	1	0
Silk Facing	1	10½
Petersham Ribbon for Banding	0	8
Petersham Waistband, Covered Crape and Rosette	2	6
Making Garibaldi	6	0
Making Low Bodice	6	0
Sundries	1	6

Tucker, Braid, and Trimmings Extra.

THE
LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
247, 249, *and* 251, *REGENT STREET.*
JAYS'. [877

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold only in ¼ lb., ½ lb., and 1 lb. tin-lined packets, labelled— [959
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London.

PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS,
THE BEST OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
For Sale or Hire, and on the Three Years' System,
AT MR. RUSSELL'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE,
25, *BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM.*
NEW MUSIC AT HALF-PRICE. [118

TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA.—HODGES "SOZODONTA" is the only certain Cure for Toothache without touching the Tooth. Headache and Neuralgia relieved immediately. Enclose 15 stamps. London Depôt, 4, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn.
AGENTS WANTED. [923

BROWN & POLSON'S
PATENT
CORN FLOUR.

CAUTION AGAINST PIRACY.

BROWN AND POLSON were the first to adopt the name Corn Flour, and they are greatly interested in maintaining its reputation, which is liable to be discredited by the unwarrantable appropriation of the name to articles of a different character, prepared, as in one instance, from Rice.

THE PUBLIC,
It is hoped, will discriminate, between
BROWN AND POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
which is prepared solely from Maize—Indian Corn,
AND
CHEAP QUALITIES BEARING A FALSE NAME,
Depending upon the recommendation of
PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIAL WRITERS.
[936

HINTS TO GAS CONSUMERS.
Secure health and safety, save trouble and economise the consumption. Send stamped addressed envelope for book to J. L., Hamilton Road, Norwood, London., S.E. [159

PIANOFORTES AND HARMONIUMS.
The Best of every Description, at very Moderate Charges,
For Sale or Hire, and on
"The Three Years' System."

HARRISON AND HARRISON,
COLMORE ROW AND BENNETT'S HILL,
BIRMINGHAM.

GREAT MIDLAND MUSIC WAREHOUSE.
All New Music as soon as Published, Half Price and Post Free. [117

GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS.

ON DECEMBER THE 24TH, WILL BE PUBLISHED A
GRAND DOUBLE NUMBER
OF THE
Illustrated Midland News,
CONTAINING A MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF
INTERESTING AND ORIGINAL PICTURES,
INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING IMPORTANT WORKS:—
BRINGING IN THE HOLLY.
SINGING THE CHRISTMAS HYMN.
WITH ASMODEUS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.
THE WAITS.
CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES IN THE OLDEN TIME:
THE COMING OF THE GUESTS;
THE RECEPTION AT THE MANOR HOUSE.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL
CHRISTMAS SONG,
SPECIALLY COMPOSED FOR THIS NUMBER BY
HENRY RUSSELL,
(Author of the Famous Songs:—"Cheer, Boys Cheer!" "There's a Good Time Coming." &c.)
entitled
"FAN THE FLAMES!"
THE WORDS BY MISS SYDNEY MOSTYNS.

THIS NUMBER WILL ALSO BE ACCOMPANIED BY A
NEW AND ORIGINAL WORK OF ART,
Measuring 22 by 17 inches, painted and printed in colours for the "ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS," entitled
"I SEE HIM,"
The most successful and beautiful example of colour-printing every produced.

PRICE OF DOUBLE NUMBER AND COLOURED PICTURE, 1s.
TO ENSURE COPIES ORDERS SHOULD BE GIVEN EARLY.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
PUBLISHING OFFICES—108, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM, and 33, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The great demand for space in our Christmas Supplement last year induces us to give timely notice that our Christmas Number this year will exeel the last in interest, and, no doubt, in circulation. No Advertisement will be received at less than 1s. 6d. a line, except in the case of contract advertisements appearing for a series of insertions.

YATES'S VIRGINIAN SILVER and PATENT ELECTRO-PLATE SPOONS, FORKS, TEA SERVICES, CRUET FRAMES, &c., &c. Manufactured by J. YATES and SONS, Pritchett Street, Birmingham.

Virginian Trade Mark, J. Y. & S. & $^{\text{Y.}}_{\text{V.S.}}$ on a shield.

Electro Trade Mark, J. Y. & S. & E. P. under a crown.

May be had through all respectable Wholesale Houses. [676

ROYAL LEAMINGTON HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN.—SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. This Institution was established 1860 for the treatment of Skin Diseases, and those resulting from Cancer, Scrofula, Lupus, Varicose Veins, &c.

The North Wing is now open for the reception of *In-Patients from all parts of the Kingdom.*

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Special accommodation for Self-supporting Patients. [895

WIDE VELVETEENS, bright and soft as Silk. Sacrificed at 2s. 6d., usually sold at 4s. 6d. per yard. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
LAMBETH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

FRENCH MERINOS.—FINEST Quality and Double Width, at 2s. per yard, in every Fashionable Colour and Black. It may be important for Ladies to know "That this is the last time of asking." All weavers in France are soldiers; manufacturing goods there is an affair of the past. Merino is made in no other country, and the price may be doubled during the winter. Help yourselves Ladies, while you may. Patterns sent.
HARVEY & CO.,
LAMBETH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

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HARVEY & CO.,
LAMBETH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

NEW DRESSES and COSTUMES in Reps, Diagonals, and Satin Cloths, Made and Unmade. An immense variety, fresh, and in good taste, at 8s. 9d., 10s. 9d., and 12s. 9d. the full dress. The most approved and durable colours of the season are submitted, intended to give satisfaction.
HARVEY & CO.,
LAMBETH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
LONDON. [139

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA,

THE GREAT REMEDY of the day is Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE; a few doses will cure all incipient cases. Caution—The extraordinary medical reports on the efficacy of Chlorodyne renders it of vital importance that the public should obtain the "genuine," which is now sold under the protection of Government authorising a stamp bearing the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne," without which none are genuine. See decision of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the *Times*, July 16, 1864. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., by all Chemists. Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russel Street, London, W.C.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. Extract from *Medical Times* January 12, 1866—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

From Lord Francis Conyngham, Mount Charles, Donegal, December 11, 1868.

"LORD FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, who this time last year bought some of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most powerful Medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

SOLE MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPOR
33, *GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMS*
LONDON.

SPANISH FLY is the acting ingredi ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL, speedily produces whiskers and thickens hair. 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; sent by post for 54, 84, a stamps.—Alex. Ross, 243, High Holborn, Londo all chemists.

HAIR CURLING FLUID.—248, H HOLBORN, LONDON.—ALEX. R CURLING FLUID curls ladies' and gentleman' r immediately it is applied. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d d 10s. 6d.; sent post-free for 54, 84, and 144 sta s. Had of all chemists.

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITU .

GEORGE DIACK, 212 and 213, OXFO D STREET, W., invites public attention to his S ck of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Din g-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most proved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.
BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.
212 *and* 213, *OXFORD STREET, W.* [102

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE, established by forty years' experience as the most effectual preservative of the Teeth and Gums. Sold universally, in pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each. None genuine unless signed Jewsbury & Brown, Manchester. [889

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.—The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants.

DINNEFORD and CO., 172, New Bond-street, London, and of all chemists. [581

KELLY'S HARMONIUMS, as manufactured for Her Majesty, the Duke of Edinburgh, &c., are the finest toned, best finished and cheapest Instruments of any yet produced, whether English or Foreign. Gained the ONLY AWARD for ENGLISH MANUFACTURE at the Paris and Dublin Exhibitions. Price Lists post free. 9, 10, & 11, Charles Street, Berners Street, London. A liberal allowance to the Clergy and Institutions. [51

COMPANION TO THE SICK ROOM.—The QUEEN'S LAVENDER WATER, the most Fragrant, Refreshing, and Lasting of Perfumes. J. PROCTER (late Thonger and Gray), 104, Broad Street, Islington, Birmingham. [27

THE NUTRITIOUS COCOA FOOD
FOR HORSES AND CATTLE.
COST, ONE HALFPENNY PER FEED
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
PALMER AND CO.,
39, *WILSON STREET, FINSBURY,*
LONDON.
Delivered free everywhere.
One Cwt., equal to 800 Feeds, for 34s.
Testimonials, with sample, sent free on application.

Consumers testify that this is the best and most economical Cattle Food to be procured, as, irrespective of its condimental properties, the ground work, *being Pure Cocoa*, is in itself good market value. [68

THE EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY, 9, Great St. Helen's, Bishopgate-street, London, appoint Agents in every Town for the sale of their Teas. A good living may be made by this Agency. Apply for Prospectus as above. [853

NEXT OF KIN.—1871 Edition.—Now Ready, a Classified and Descriptive INDEX (of 20,000 names guaranteed) to Advertisements for Next of Kin, Chancery Heirs, Legatees, &c., from 1,700 to 1,871, post free 32 stamps. Address, Mr. CULLMER, 17, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. [858

GLENFIELD STARCH is the only kind used in Her Majesty's Laundry.

Those ladies who have not yet used the Glenfield Starch are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and they will say, like the Queen's laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used. [846

Printed by GEORGE WILLIAMS, at Market Hall Passage, and published by him at 108, New Street, Birmingham.—*December* 17, 1870.